CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE NOVEMBER 18, 1991 $2.25

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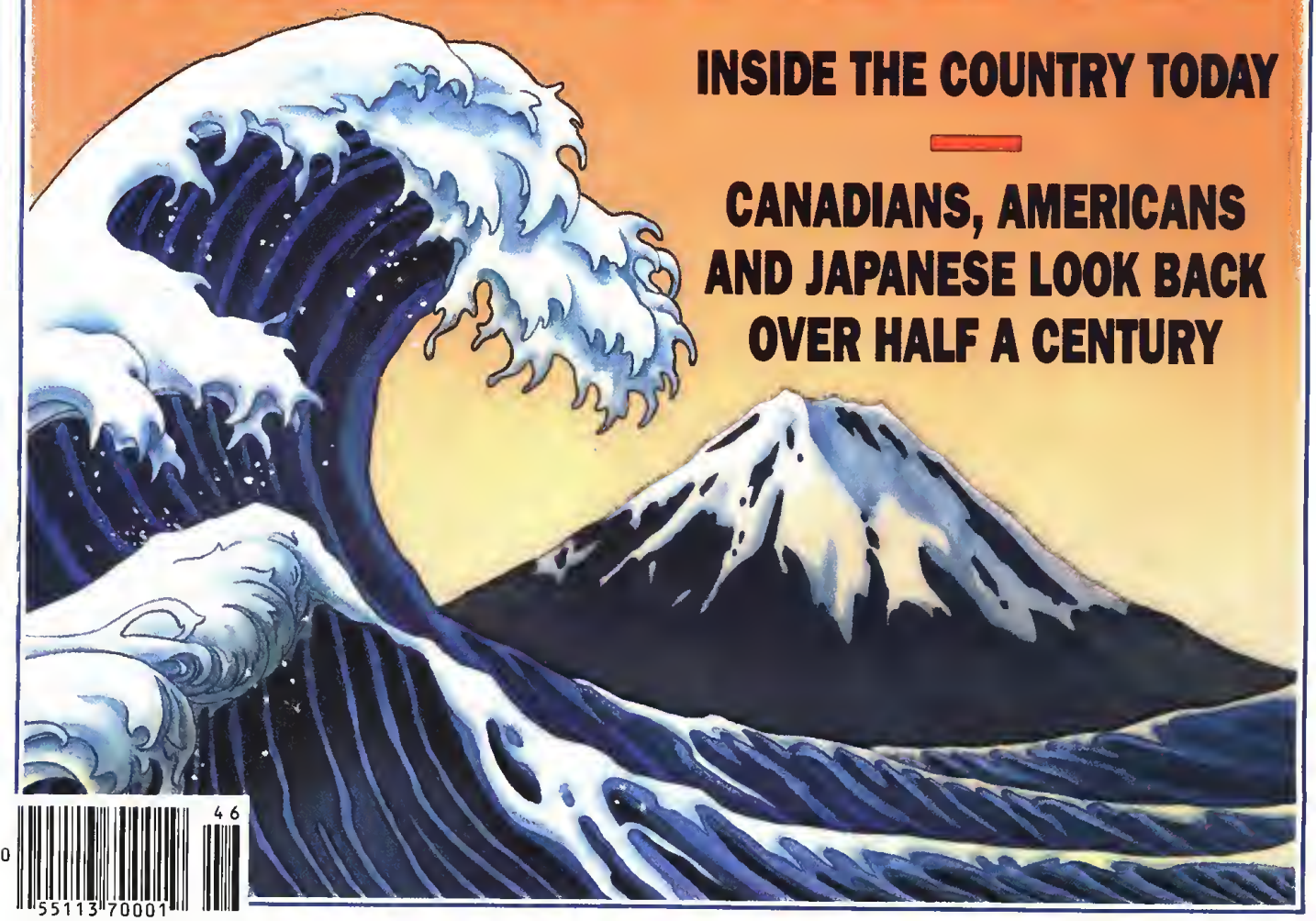
A SPECIAL REPORT

50 YEARS AFTER PEARL HARBOR

THE MIRACLE OF MODERN JAPAN

INSIDE THE COUNTRY TODAY

CANADIANS, AMERICANS AND JAPANESE LOOK BACK OVER HALF A CENTURY



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Ultimately, there's Black.

Maclean's

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE NOVEMBER 18, 1991 VOL 104 NO 46

CONTENTS

2 EDITORIAL

4 LETTERS/PASSAGES

13 COLUMN/CHARLES GORDON

SPECIAL REPORT

14 RISING FROM THE ASHES
In one stunning day, Japan achieved victory, invited defeat—and paved the way to its ultimate revival.

18 A DAY TO REMEMBER
Speaking to Maclean's, veterans recall the historic day when Japan unleashed surprise strikes throughout the Pacific.

28 PAYING FOR PARADISE
Hawaii, home of Pearl Harbor and now reliant on Japanese investment, is a case study in U.S.-Japanese relations.

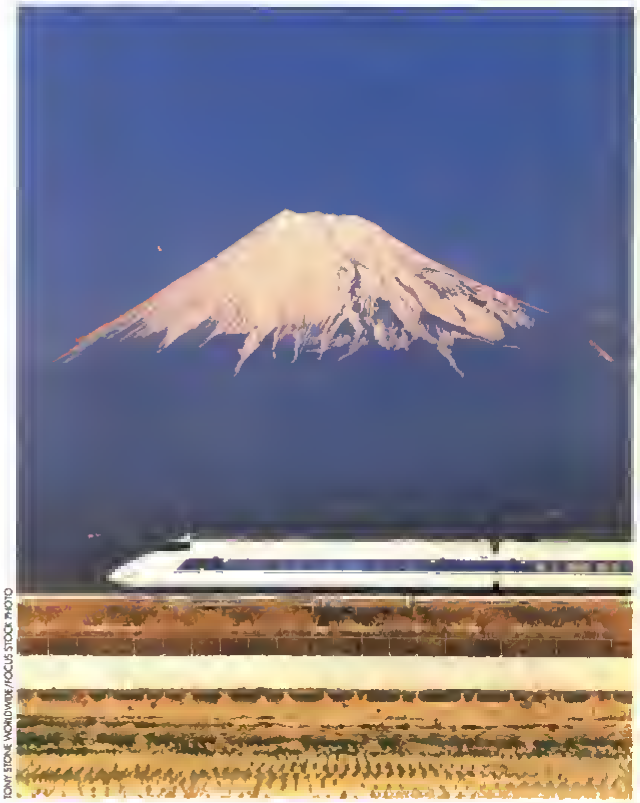
38 LEGACY OF SHAME
In the spirit of panic that followed Pearl Harbor, Japanese-Canadians became "enemy aliens" in their own land.

46 THE 17-DAY WAR
The Canadians in Hong Kong "You never forget the filth, the hunger and the cold, and the dying men"

48 WILL THE STEAM RUN OUT?
Amid unprecedented prosperity, some young Japanese are beginning to question their parents' values

55 THE COMPANY MAN
He leaves for work by 7:45 a.m. and returns home at 9 p.m. Susumu Sato is a product of Japan's work ethic.

58 A FINANCIAL WAVE
Some come to visit, others stay to invest Either way Japanese money is helping to transform the Canadian economy



TONY STONE WORLDWIDE/FOCUS STOCK PHOTO

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY JON KRAL/JACOBO GRAPHIX

64 PEOPLE

66 CANADA
It was a discouraging week for Ottawa's constitutional strategists.

68 WORLD
The sounds of electoral discontent rang out across the United States.

70 BUSINESS
Publishing tycoon Robert Maxwell's death was as mysterious as his life.

72 BUSINESS WATCH/PETER C. NEWMAN

74 HEALTH
Magic Johnson's retirement set off an outpouring of sympathy that transcended the world of sport.

81 BOOKS
Seymour Hersh's The Samson Option *takes a hard look at nuclear-arms dealing—and makes blockbuster charges.*

84 FOTHERINGHAM

Canadian second class mail registration number 1260



Out Of The Ashes

Many young—and not-so-young—North Americans find it hard to believe that not so long ago, the Japanese were the most foreign of foreigners. That was before owning Japanese cars, cameras and VCRs became a North American birthright. It was also before Japanese visitors and Japanese investment in the West became so prevalent. The Japanese were not only distant and different, they were the enemy. The Pacific war, which began with Japanese attacks on Pearl Harbor and other targets on Dec. 7, 1941, killed millions of people and left Japan in ruins. The country's rise from the ashes is a modern miracle. But its world-girdling economic power has not erased the memories of the date that President Franklin Roosevelt said "will live in infamy."

As the 50th anniversary approaches, many older Canadians are recalling that that Dec. 7—or Dec. 8 in Asia—was also the day that two ill-fated battalions of Canadian troops came under Japanese attack in Hong Kong and suffered as prisoners of war until 1945. And it was the day that British Columbians, fearing invasion, touched off a panic that resulted in the internment of Japanese-Canadians—in hindsight, one of the most heinous chapters in the country's history.

Maclean's Foreign Editor Bob Levin, who visited Pearl Harbor for this week's special 28-page report, was struck by the historical paradoxes. Said Levin: "Here is Hawaii, home of Pearl Harbor, now dependent on Japanese investment and tourism." Business Editor Ross Laver, after travelling to Japan, said that most young Japanese have, at best, a vague knowledge of the events of 50 years ago. "They are preoccupied with the future," said Laver. "Instead of their parents' all-consuming work ethic, they talk increasingly about travel, leisure and their desire to spend more time with their families." The Japanese may still be different and distant, but their concerns no longer seem at all far away.



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Laver (left) and Levin: the aspirations of the Japanese no longer seem so foreign or far away

Maclean's
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The Palliser, Calgary, Alberta
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L'Hotel, Toronto, Ontario
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LETTERS

TURNING ON WITH FOTH

Reading Allan Fotheringham's X-rated exposé of "Brian Mulroney's secret weapon" really turned me on (Column, Oct. 24). Finally, someone from the English mass media has alluded to the most obvious shortcomings of federal Liberal Leader Jean Chrétien. However, Foth omitted to mention that Chrétien does not have an acceptable grasp of colloquial French either—the first official language.

Serge L. Dubois,
Carignan, Que.

Although I fully agree with Allan Fotheringham about Jean Chrétien's obvious difficulties with the English language, I would like to point out the fact that neither Joe Clark nor John Turner speak Canada's second official language fluently. They most certainly sound irritating at times to French ears. But the only thing that should bother Canadians about politicians' speech is *what* they say, not how they say it.

Claude Dumont,
Montreal

How shallow does Allan Fotheringham think Canadians are? We have voted for "image" in the past two elections and have suffered miserably for it. The Liberals voted for image in John Turner and paid the price. Does Foth think that Canadians worry about a little French accent? Image has failed us. Next time, we will vote for substance, honesty and heart. If we are stupid enough to vote for Brian Mulroney and the Conservative philosophy again, then we deserve to go down the tubes.

Elaine Pace,
Ottawa

CLARIFICATION

In a report last week on the crash of a Canadian Forces Hercules aircraft near Alert, N.W.T. ("Death in the High Arctic," Canada, Nov. 11), *Maclean's* stated that the pilot, Capt. John Couch, did not survive the plane's impact. That account was based on information available at press time, while the rescue operation was still under way. Later, more detailed reports from survivors made it clear that Couch not only survived the initial impact, but also contributed heroically to the survival of his passengers before he died of exposure just a few hours before the first rescuers reached the scene, almost a day and a half after the crash. With all available parkas divided up among survivors in the greatest need, Couch had remained dressed only in a light flight suit. *Maclean's* regrets any anguish that the early report may have caused to Couch's family and friends.



MITCHELL CAN/PRESS

Chrétien: treading the linguistic divide

THE STATE OF THE UNIONS

Diane Francis's Nov. 4 column, "Unions: the new rich and privileged," is nonsense from beginning to end. Her claim that the "union movement's financial strength is breathtaking" will be news to the unions, most of which are hard-pressed to meet their own payrolls. As for her claim that "workers have no control over how their money is spent," union dues and union privileges are approved by the members. Her description of the Supreme Court decision against Mervyn Lavigne as a triumph of union privilege is preposterous. Lavigne was not challenging union privilege, but union democracy.

Errol Black,
Brandon, Man.

A 'HOTHEADED REVIEW'

In his hotheaded review of *Circles of Power*, Peter C. Newman reveals more about his own bitterly competitive nature than about my book ("A vintage crop of business books," Business Watch, Nov. 11). The vehemence of his comments was a dead giveaway for his real motive: slap down the writer who dares tread on his turf. His claim that the book contains nothing new is just silly. In it, I profile back-room power brokers unknown to most Canadians and, I dare say, Newman. I also show why the ruling class in Canada has lost credibility in the eyes of Canadians to an unprecedented degree. If Newman keeps writing such simpleminded reviews, he will not hang on to his credibility either.

James Fleming,
Toronto

PASSAGES



COHEN/GAMMA-LIAISON

DIED: Actor **Fred MacMurray**, 83, of pneumonia, at St. John's Hospital and Health Centre in Santa Monica, Calif. MacMurray started his 50-year Hollywood career in the 1920s as a movie extra. His breakthrough role came in 1944, when he played a hapless insurance salesman opposite **Barbara Stanwyck** in the classic 1944 thriller *Double Indemnity*. MacMurray also appeared in such movies as *The Caine Mutiny*, *The Apartment* and *The Absent-Minded Professor*, but he was best known for his role as the widower Steve Douglas in the TV sitcom *My Three Sons*, which ran from 1960 to 1972 – network TV's second-longest-running comedy series. It is still popular in reruns.

DIED: Actor **Gene Tierney**, 70, of emphysema, at her home in Houston. A Hollywood star at 24, Tierney appeared in such movies as *Heaven Can Wait* and *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*. But her best-known film was the moody 1944 murder mystery *Laura*.

DIED: Controversial singer-actor **Yves Montand**, 70, of a heart attack, in a hospital near Paris. An ardent and outspoken pacifist, Italian-born Montand appeared in more than 40 movies, including the 1953 French classic *The Wages of Fear*, and *Z*, 1970's Oscar-winning foreign film. He was married for 33 years to actress **Simone Signoret**, who died in 1985.

APPOINTED: As chairman of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), Canadian **Marie Bernard-Meunier**, 43. Previously the Canadian ambassador to the UN agency, Bernard-Meunier is the first woman to fill the chairman's post. The Paris-based committee oversees the administration, financing and implementation of UNESCO programs.

DIED: Film producer **Irwin Allen**, 75, of a heart attack in hospital in Malibu, Calif. Irwin specialized in all-star, big-budget disaster epics, including *The Poseidon Adventure* and *The Towering Inferno*.

ENTERED: A no-contest plea, by comedian **Paul Reubens**, better known as Pee-wee Herman, to indecent exposure charges. Reubens also agreed to pay a $50 fine and make an anti-drug public-service commercial. He will have no permanent criminal record after the sentence is completed.

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LETTERS

'A NOTABLE CONTRIBUTION'

I applaud *Maclean's* for its valuable issue on Canadian universities ("A measure of excellence," Special Report, Oct. 21). It comes at an appropriate moment. Opinions may differ as to the criteria used to arrive at this ranking. But one thing is clear: our universities have made a notable contribution to building our country, to strengthening national unity and to developing our international personality. We should regard them as an investment rather than as an expenditure because our future depends on our ability to educate, and create the brightest and best young people in a competitive world.

Lewis Perinbam,
Vancouver

In reading "Modern times are tougher times," I could not help but marvel at the close-mindedness of the University of Western Ontario's president, George Pedersen. If it is his belief that well-funded private institutions will attract nothing but society's brightest, then I dare wager that he is the perfect person to suggest otherwise—that this will secure a good education for those who can afford it, rather than for those who *deserve* it.

Lynn Byron,
Perth Road, Ont.

Your ranking system deserves a D+. It is skewed in favor of older, better-endowed institutions. Six of the 12 categories relate directly to financial resources. The survey penalizes underfunded (usually newer) universities that attempt to remain accessible to students. And why is there no category on the treatment of women, visible minorities and the disabled? Conservatism wins, innovation loses.

Paul Axelrod,
Chair, Division of Social Sciences,
York University,
Toronto

At least twice in your universities issue, you appear to accept the soft assumption that effective teaching is somehow sacrificed for productive research. But there is no such trade-off. From Plato onwards, academics have accepted the dual responsibility of contributing to knowledge and imparting it to their students. Good researchers tend to be good teachers. It is surprising that Prof. Richard Day of McMaster University, whose classroom choreography beguiled you, could give up research "so that he could concentrate on teaching." He adds, "I can't believe they pay me to do this." His colleagues, laboring at their research as well as their teaching, might manage a wry smile.

Prof. Jack Chambers,
Department of Linguistics,
University of Toronto,
Toronto

It is hard to imagine anything more statistically misconceived than your special report that ranked Canadian universities. Your information is incomplete, you conflate graduate and undergraduate education, you ignore differences in the costs of living and running universities in different cities, you assume that universities close to provincial boundaries (with many out-of-province students) have a better reputation. There is no reason why an undergraduate rubbing shoulders with hundreds of peers in an overcrowded classroom at the University of Toronto should feel better because a large budget and an impressive reputation for research allowed the university to rank highly in your survey. I hope you put more thought into such an exercise in the future.

Leo Groarke,
Associate professor of philosophy,
Wilfrid Laurier University,
Waterloo, Ont.

In "On the rocky road to reform," the University of Calgary's Susan Stone-Blackburn says "I did my PhD in drama and I'd never heard of her [Restoration playwright and novelist Aphra Behn]." For my honors exams, I studied A. C. Baugh's *Literary History of England*, in which Behn is cited several times. Perhaps the expla-

Vintage Talk #2

ONTARIO WINES SMILE AND SAY "CHEESE."

The Wine Regions of Ontario took top awards in more than half the categories at a recent Toronto Wine & Cheese Show. The Sommelier Guild of Canada conducted the blind taste judging of approximately 200 entries. Competing against wines from around the world, the Wine Regions entries won Gold, Silver and Bronze in seven categories.

Of course, many of the winners listed below are no longer available, good news travels fast. But subsequent vintages are available and they carry the same characteristics of the winners. So keep this list handy for your next wine expedition.

Best Overall Wine
Konzelmann Icewine Riesling Traminer 1989*

Best Value White Wine
Cave Spring Cellars Off Dry Riesling 1989

Best White Under $10
Gold: Cave Spring Cellars Off Dry Riesling 1989
Bronze: Reif Vidal Dry White 1989

Best Red Under $10
Silver: Colio Carlo Negri Winemaker's Reserve 1988
Bronze: Chircan des Charmes Pinot Noir 1988

Best Red Wine $10-$20
Gold: Stoney Ridge Cabernet Franc Winemaker's Reserve 1989*
Silver: Inniskillin Wines Pinot Noir Reserve 1987*

Best Sweet Wine Under $15
Gold: Château des Charmes Paul Bosc Late Harvest Riesling 1988*
Silver: Hillebrand Estates Late Harvest Vidal 1989*

Best Sweet Wine Over $15
Gold: Konzelmann Estate Ice Wine Riesling Traminer 1989*
Silver: Reif Vidal Ice Wine 1988*
Bronze: Reif Vidal Ice Wine 1989*

*Available through Wine Retail Outlets of [illegible]

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LETTERS

nation lies in the difference between the structured and comprehensive honors-degree requirements of that time and those today, rather than discrimination against women writers.

R. J. Baker,
Charlottetown

DISTINCTLY UNBECOMING

Peter C. Newman displays a naïveté about the distinct society clause that is unbecoming of a writer of such distinction ("It's time for Trudeau to muzzle himself," Business Watch, Oct. 21). If acknowledging Quebec as a distinct society is nothing more than accepting the reality that it is a different society, and that such recognition subtracts nothing from the rest of the country, please tell us why the Quebec government is insisting that the clause be included. Canadians from coast to coast agree verbally that Quebec is different. But words enshrined in the Constitution are not ornamental, but have real meaning. That real meaning can be determined only when those words are the subject of judicial interpretation.

Ronald P. Leitch,
President, Alliance for the Preservation of English in Canada,
Toronto

It appears that Peter C. Newman has gone to bat for his friend Brian Mulroney by saying that Pierre Trudeau does not want him to succeed where he failed: namely, getting Quebec to sign a new Constitution. But is that really Trudeau's fault? Has Newman forgotten that Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa, the so-called federalist, backed out at the last minute in 1971? Or that René Lévesque, being a separatist, could not possibly have signed a federalist document?

Dan Morley,
St. Catharines, Ont.

A DECEIVING PORTRAIT

I do not know Canada's richest man, Hudson's Bay Co. owner Ken Thomson, so he may have some degree of richness in his life other than wealth ("Canada's richest man," Cover, Oct. 14). However, from your article, I am certain that I know several people whom I would describe as richer than him in all those things that money cannot buy. In fact, I would not trade the richness of my life with anyone. Thomson is not the richest Canadian, he is merely the wealthiest.

R. W. Thompkins,
Ancaster, Ont.

It must be tough being very rich. There are so few people you can trust: not your chauffeur, if he reports that you help a blind pedestrian whom you offer no money; not a disgruntled housekeeper, to whom you give two cookies; and certainly not an acquaintance with whom you naïvely share pleasantries aboard a plane, and who later bleats it to the media. Parsimony is to be pitied, if Peter C. Newman's accounts are accurate. Too bad Gonzo died. A dog is loyal.

Mary F. Farmery,
Moncton, N.B.

Maclean's seems to express some amazement at the idea that Ken Thomson makes $26,190 an hour—and buys his hamburger buns on sale. Is it amazing that he would do something so ordinary with this extraordinary wealth, or does the astonishment lay in the idea that anyone should be that affluent? The trickle-down theory so beloved by governments and big business seems to have ceased to trickle.

Richard Weatherill,
Victoria

MANUFACTURING CONSENT

Prime Minister Brian Mulroney describes his new constitutional proposals as "the best deal ever offered Quebec" ("Brave new words," Cover, Oct. 7). But a 12-per-cent

Vintage Talk #4

THE WORLD IS TURNING ON TO THE WINES OF ONTARIO.

Winery	Award/Competition	Winning Wine/Vintage
Bighes Wines	Gold Medal Brussels '90	1989 Vidal
Cartier Wines	Bronze Medal London '83	Imperial Brut Champagne
Cave Spring Cellars	Silver Medal New York '91	1989 Chardonnay Reserve
Chateau des Charmes Wines	Bronze Medal New York '91	1988 Estate Bottled Pinot Noir
Colio Wines	Silver Medal London '90	1988 Riserva Rosso
Culotta Wines	Bronze Medal New York '91	Riesling Special Reserve
Henry of Pelham Estates	Bronze Medal New York '91	1990 Barrel Fermented Chardonnay
Hillebrand Estates	Gold Medal London '90	1988 Lenko Barrel Fermented Chardonnay
Inniskillin Wines	Silver Medal New York '91	1987 Pinot Noir Reserve
Konzelmann Winery	Bronze Medal New York '91	1989 Late Harvest Johannisberg Riesling
London Wines	Bronze Medal London '90	Dry Vermouth
Montravin Cellars	Quality Wine Award New York '86	Podamer Brut Champagne
Pelee Island Winery	Bronze Medal New York '91	1989 Pinot Noir
Pelle Estates	Silver Medal New York '91	1989 Chambourcin*
Red Estate Winery	Bronze Medal New York '91	1988 Chardonnay
Stonechurch Vineyards	Bronze Medal New York '91	1989 Barrel Fermented Chardonnay*
Stoney Ridge Cellars	Silver Medal London '90	1990 Eastman Chardonnay*
Vineland Estates	Gold Medal New York '91	1989 St. Urban Vineyard Riesling Dry

* Distributed through Winery Retail Outlets only

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Lottery profits are one way Meals On Wheels has received financial support

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LETTERS

popularity rating in the most recent Gallup poll means that in much of the country, support is close to zero. His government does not speak legitimately for the Canadian people, and should surely not be authorized to formulate plans for this country's future. An election is the only way that Canada can obtain an administration to legitimately negotiate on behalf of *all* Canadians.

Dacre P. Cole,
Victoria

A great deal of money is being spent to promote Canadian unity, and, if Canadian unity is achieved, it will be well worth it. However, the dis-unifying word "distinct" keeps popping up, and is being widely accepted and used by many politicians and the Canadian public to identify Quebec. According to *Webster's* dictionary, the word "distinct" is defined as meaning "distinguishable to the eye or mind as discrete." Again according to *Webster's*, the word "discrete" is defined as "constituting a separate entity: individually distinct." Can you unify and separate at the same time? Maybe it is time to change course and choose some new methods and non-divisive words to achieve the unification of all Canadians and *Canadiens*.

M. S. Mallard,
Charlottetown

THE MARKETS OF PLENTY

In "Fields of woe" (Canada, Oct. 21), a discussion of world grain surpluses in the context of world hunger was conspicuous by its absence. It is ironic to the point of perversity that a surplus of wheat on the world's markets is seen as a major problem. Surely, it is instead a golden opportunity to increase foreign aid at the lowest possible cost with the most useful possible commodity: food. Lives could be saved, supply could be reduced and perhaps prices would rise. Why could Canada not take the initiative and challenge other grain-exporting countries to follow suit?

Pat McKitrick,
Burnaby, B.C.

DON'T KILL THE MESSENGER

It is truly offensive in these hard economic times to hear that intellectual snobs, swilling elegantly at the public trough, are taking snide potshots at Canadian High Commissioner Frederik Eaton, a man who has met payroll and helped to provide the wealth that is uselessly spent by governments on "class-conscious diplomats" ("Barbed diplomacy," Opening Notes, Oct. 28). It is high time that Canadians took a hard look at the waste and excess that exists in the external affairs department.

Dennis Young,
Scarborough, Ont.

AN EASY MARK

I often count myself as a fan of Barbara Amiel and her bracing critiques of contemporary foibles. Like Amiel, I have grown weary of the endless litany of stories portraying women as victims ("The noise of women's turmoil," Column, Oct. 28). However, I must take issue with her statement that the November issue of *Chatelaine* magazine "*claims* that one in 10 physicians abuse their female patients." As the writer of that piece, I clearly indicated that the 10 per cent figure comes from the task force on sexual abuse of patients appointed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. The task force extrapolated the figure from American research. As for her contention that being "a psychological cripple has now become a mark of glamor," how convenient once again to assail victims for their lack of "character." Surely, it is the sexually exploitative physicians who demonstrate a shocking lapse of "character," not to mention a gross neglect of their civic, social and ethical obligations.

Yvonne Cox,
Hamilton

Letters may be condensed. Please supply name, address and daytime telephone number. Write: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, Maclean Hunter Bldg., 777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7. Or fax (416) 596-7730.

Vintage Talk #6

ONTARIO ICE WINE VICTORY IN EUROPE CONTINUES A TREND.

As Canadians we are often reticent to take outward pride in our achievements. It's part of being Canadian. Most of us like understatement rather than loud boast the same way we appreciate subtleties in wine over strident taste.

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A French wine expert said there was no equivalent quality to this ice wine on earth, that it was in a class by itself. Bravo Inniskillin! And if we may appear slightly un-Canadian let's look at some other awards the Wine Regions of Ontario have acquired in just the past year.

Ice wines are really only the tip of the iceberg in the Ontario wines' international success story. Many other types are winning all over the world. Look for them in other Vintage Talk articles.



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Inniskillin Wines
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1987 Brae Burn Estate Vidal Icewine

Konzelmann Winery
1989 Riesling, Trimmed Ice Wine

London Winds
1989 Lake Erie North Shore
Cedar Springs Vineyard Eiswein

Reif Estate Winery
1989 Vidal Ice Wine
1988 Vidal Ice Wine
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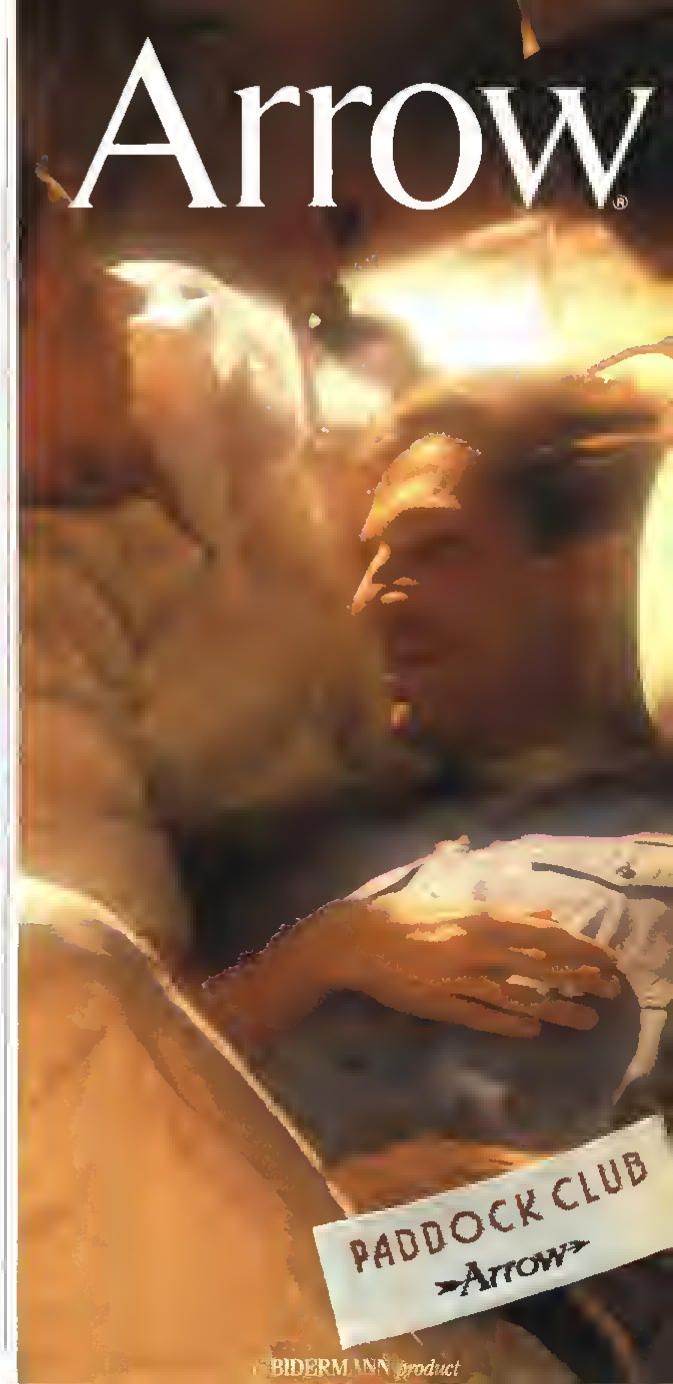
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Chrysler Canada's Windsor Minivan Plant wins the 1991 Canada Awards for Business Excellence: Quality category.

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What is it that men really want?

BY CHARLES GORDON

It is not always easy to keep these things straight, but it appears that there is, at least at this moment, something called a men's movement. There may be more than one. However many there are, their existence is proof of the theory that the movement movement has gone too far and needs to be reversed.

The best-known men's movement consists of people who like the idea of being men but are not sure they are going about it the right way. They have read a book called *Iron John*, a best-seller for almost a year, according to some lists. Since *Iron John* is, for the most part, impenetrable, it is not immediately clear what a movement based on it would be about, but there seems to be something about an "inner warrior." What with one thing and another, man has lost touch with his inner warrior and, for some reason, needs to find him again.

There are scoffers, to be sure, those who have encountered the inner warrior and found that he disappeared after a couple of Rolaids. But many men are taking all of this seriously. They seem to be middle- and upper-middle-class white men. Media accounts have them heading off into the forest, where available, meeting in sweat lodges, dressing up (or down) as savages and pounding drums.

The reason for a women's movement can be seen without difficulty. It is as apparent as oppression. Since men, as a group, are the oppressor rather than the oppressed, it is less apparent why they would need to have a movement, unless it is to trade oppressing tips. But that does not seem to be what the men's movement is about.

What the male movement seems to be about is a bunch of men not having enough to do with their time. They could be working in political parties; they could be helping others. Hell, they could even be talking to *women*. But no. They insist on being a movement.

It is difficult to know when movementism began, who gave birth to it. One thing is certain, however: the media were right there, assisting. In the years since, editors and reporters have, with their Rolodexes, contributed to the growth of movementism. No matter what the issue, there is an organization out there with a guaranteed reaction. For the odd issue too new to have a movement named after it, one will be along any minute, dishing out appropriate quotes, holding news conferences, loitering in the lobby on budget night, letting the media know the number of its car phone, in case something comes up.

Once the men's movement begins to take itself seriously, it will begin to make the world a worse place

The other day, two people wrote letters to the editor of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*. Their complaint: the paper had published an illustration for an article on the political correctness movement, and all of the people in the illustration were wearing glasses. "This is visual stereotyping of the worst sort," one wrote.

One effect of movementism is to polarize the population. All reporters know that they can, at a moment's notice, find someone to denounce any piece of legislation, disapprove of any public figure. Since conflict is the stuff of drama and drama is the stuff of news, it is understandable that many news organizations are so anxious to get the denunciations of Plan A into print that they occasionally neglect to tell the public what Plan A is.

Another effect of movementism is to cut down substantially on the reaction time of the citizenry. Where once it was possible to think about an idea a bit, now the attacks are appearing so rapidly, the reactions demanded so quickly, that anything resembling contemplation is out of the question.

So is individual thought. When we all react as members of movements, we become less individualistic, more conformist. Our minds deal in slogans, not in thoughts; we divide the world into those who are for us and those who are against us.

The world isn't like that, if we would only stop to think about it a little. The world is divided into those who are for us, those who are against us, those who lean a bit this way, those who lean a bit that way and those who never gave the matter much thought one way or the other. But movementism allows no room for in-between.

The men's movement would be laughable were it not for the dangers inherent in movementism. Once the men's movement begins to take itself seriously, it will begin doing its unwitting part to make the world a worse place to live. It will develop the essential ingredient of any successful movement—a sense of outrage. Things will outrage it, although it is too soon to know what those might be. Perhaps the disappearance of pleats, perhaps the threat to the environment, perhaps the women's movement.

Whatever the source of outrage, the men's movement will learn to disapprove of others. Awakening suddenly to all the issues and groups that are a threat to its existence, it will begin denouncing and attacking. All ideas will be assessed in terms of how they affect the well-being of the men's movement. It will raise money and use it to advance its causes and combat others. It will begin to throw its weight around. Since there are a lot of men and a lot of weight, that will not be a pretty sight.

In the real world, there are about as many types of men as there are men. Some are more sensitive than others, some are more political, some more fashion-conscious, some can't throw at all well, some can fix cars, some hate drinking beer, some swear all the time, some are afraid of women, some can belch at will. Some hate being oppressors, some hate the thought of not being oppressors; some don't think of themselves as oppressors at all. Think of assembling all the men you know into a movement and you will realize how incredible the idea is. Think of uniting them by giving them something to hate and fear and you will realize how dangerous the idea is.

The proper stance for any self-respecting man is the Groucho-ist one of refusing to join any movement that will have him as a member. Those who adopt that idea are urged to do so without excessive enthusiasm. An anti-movement movement would be the inevitable result, with its headquarters, its national executive, its press releases, its fax number. The idea is tempting though, isn't it?

Please don't ask to join. That's how it starts.

Charles Gordon is a columnist with The Ottawa Citizen.

Rising From The Ashes

In one stunning day, Japan achieved victory, invited defeat—and paved the way to its ultimate revival

This certainly simplifies things. God be with you.

—Prime Minister Winston Churchill to President Franklin Roosevelt, after learning about the Japanese bombing of U.S. forces at Pearl Harbor

The veterans' stories pour forth, vivid like those of anyone's youth, only laden with the weight of history. They are war stories, after all, tales of bitter Pacific struggles a half-century ago, told at a time when history's paradoxes are readily apparent, and the bitterness not quite gone. Once again, a Japanese pilot visits a portable shrine on his aircraft carrier to pray for a successful mission. Again, an American sailor glances up to see Japanese Zeros zooming in over Pearl Harbor, raining terror and tragedy. Again, a raw Canadian recruit awakens in Kowloon to waves of Japanese soldiers tramping across the marshes, guns blazing. They are the black-and-white images from countless war movies, real as death to their tellers, all stemming from a single dramatic day: Dec. 7, 1941—or Dec. 8, Tokyo time. If, as Roosevelt said, it was a day that "will live in infamy," it was also the day that drove the Americans into the Second World War at last, much to the relief of the British, Canadians and other Allies who had been battling in Europe for two years. And it was the beginning of the end of one Japan, militaristic and expansionist, and the seed of another—peaceful, industrious and intent on shutting out the past.

The 50th anniversary of that day is a time for remembrance and reflection. The Pacific war that opened with the Japanese attacks on Pearl Harbor, Hong Kong, Malaya, the Philippines and elsewhere killed millions of people and produced a startlingly different world (map, page 16). America, its isolationism far behind it, emerged as a superpower. Japan, its cities and factories in ruins, began its miraculous recovery, aided by U.S. occupation forces. Only recently have some young Japanese begun to question the country's work-obsessed lifestyle, wondering whether the prize is worth the pursuit (page 48). But there is no doubting Tokyo's worldwide influence—in Canada, Japan is the country's second-largest trading partner and a growing source of tourism and investment (page 58).

To some North Americans, that success is an example to be studied and emulated. But to others, especially in the United States, the Japanese tide rolling up huge shares of the American market, including such national institutions as Rockefeller Center and the Pebble Beach golf course, represents a real and present danger—and a cause for protectionist legislation. The Japanese have even invested heavily in Hawaii, site of Pearl Harbor itself, leading critics to complain that what the Japanese could not do with bombs, they are doing with yen (page 28). New Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa said recently that he hoped the Pearl Harbor anniversary would be a "meaningful moment" in strengthening U.S.-Japanese ties. But it seems more likely to rekindle old enmities, as the much-decried "sneak attack" is recounted again and again.

Canada has its own stark memories of that December day. Ottawa declared war on Japan even before the Americans—"Order Canada's troops to engage Japs 'wherever found,' " blared the headline in *The Evening Telegram* of Toronto on Dec. 8. The newspaper also noted that Canadian troops who had been sent to reinforce the Allied garrison on Hong Kong were in an "active theatre of war." In fact, the two ill-prepared battalions came under Japanese attack soon after the action at Pearl Harbor, starting a siege that would end on Christmas Day when the garrison surrendered. In all, 557 Canadians died in battle or later in prisoner-of-war camps (page 46). Pearl Harbor also produced panic among many British Columbians, who feared that the Japanese would invade—and that Japanese-Canadians would aid them. In the new year, Ottawa, in one of the most shameful acts in Canadian history, moved nearly 21,000 Japanese-Canadians to inland internment camps—leaving wounds of anger and alienation that would fester for decades (page 38).

The road to the Dec. 7 attack actually started a decade earlier, when the Japanese began pursuing their dream of a Pacific empire. They invaded Manchuria in 1931 and turned it into a puppet state. In 1937, they entered northern China, and three years later they moved on French Indochina. They also coveted resource-rich territo-



Explosion of the USS Arizona: Japanese planes turned Pearl Harbor into a hellish world of flames, smoke and sudden death

ries belonging to the Americans, British and Dutch, and those nations eventually responded: they froze Japanese assets and imposed an embargo on oil supplies and scrap metal. To Japanese leaders, that was cause for combat. Even as negotiations over the impasse continued in Washington in late 1941, they activated a daring plan to target the one force that seemed capable of curbing their expansionist aims—the U.S. Pacific Fleet anchored at Pearl Harbor.

Taking off from a carrier force that had sailed to a point 240 miles north of Hawaii, the first wave of Japanese planes appeared over the island of Oahu at 7:55 a.m. on Sunday, Dec. 7. Later, many U.S. servicemen would say that they mistook the roaring planes for Americans on manoeuvres. "But then we heard this bang, bang, bang," recalled Arthur Critchett, then a 19-year-old seaman aboard the USS Dewey. "We could see them coming down Battleship Row and they started to bomb the ships, then the air station and the hangars. It was just, 'Oh boy, we're in for it now.'" The dive-bombers and torpedo planes, meeting little resistance, wreaked havoc on the neatly lined-up warships, turning the harbor into a hellish world of flame and smoke and sudden death. By the time a second wave of Japanese planes had come and gone, flying north at about 10 a.m., they had killed 2,403 Americans, sunk or damaged eight battleships and 13 other vessels and wiped out more than 180 aircraft. The Japanese lost only 29 planes and five midget submarines.

Afterward, a spate of official investigations found the U.S. military guilty of gross overconfidence and inadequate security. The defenders' main preoccupation had been the possibility of sabotage by Hawaii's 160,000 residents of Japanese ancestry. To ward off such imagined acts, they had grouped their planes together away from fences—where they made perfect targets for Japanese bombers. There were also several frustrating near misses that might have alerted the Americans: radar sightings that were ignored, decoded messages that were downplayed or reported too late.

The errors were so widespread that some revisionist historians have even claimed—without any conclusive evidence—that Roosevelt, and perhaps Churchill, knew in advance of the attack, but regarded it as the only way to shock the isolationist Congress into war. Most such conspiracy theories have been discredited, but the bombing had precisely that effect—with a vengeance. Oddly, it was Japanese Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, commander of the Imperial Japanese Navy, who foresaw the enraged American reaction. "I fear," he warned, "we have only awakened a sleeping giant and filled him with a terrible resolve."

Next month, on the 50th anniversary, Americans will again "remember Pearl Harbor," as the wartime rallying cry went. They will hold four days of commemorative events in Hawaii, attended by thousands of Pearl Harbor survivors. President George Bush is scheduled to address the gathering on Dec. 7—but there will be no foreign dignitaries. Richard Halloran, director of special projects for Honolulu's East-West Center, a nonprofit organization designed to promote better relations in Asia, said that the Japanese have quietly welcomed the U.S. decision to hold an Americans-only commemoration. "If the Japanese had their way," said Halloran, "they would just snip Dec. 7 out of history—they just don't want anything to do with it." But that day lives on—in infamy, in endless scrutiny, in a legacy of distrust that continues to haunt the Japanese even as they rev their economic engines towards the 21st century.

BOB LEVIN

'A DATE WHICH WILL LIVE IN INFAMY'

In a single dramatic day, Dec. 7, 1941 (Dec. 8 in Tokyo), the Japanese empire executed a daring series of nearly simultaneous surprise attacks throughout the Pacific, striking a devastating blow against Allied forces.



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A Day To Remember

Speaking to Maclean's, *veterans recall the historic day when Japan unleashed surprise strikes throughout the Pacific*





ROSS LAIER/MACLEAN'S

■ Maeda: 'I was surprised so many boats were anchored so closely together'

Takeshi Maeda volunteered for the Imperial Japanese Navy in 1938 after finishing high school. During the attack on Pearl Harbor, he fired a torpedo that struck the USS West Virginia. Now 71, he is president of a small architectural firm in suburban Tokyo.

The night before we attacked, we received a coded radio message from our executive officers in Tokyo. 'Go climb Nitaka [a mountain in Taiwan].' That was the signal for us to go forward with our mission. That night, I slept soundly—I didn't even dream. I woke up about an hour before we were scheduled to take off, had something to eat and paid a visit to a small portable shrine that we had brought with us on the aircraft carrier. I prayed for a successful mission.

My plane was one of about 180 aircraft in the first wave of the attack. An hour and half after we took off from our aircraft carrier, the Kaga, we could see Oahu in the distance. One by one, our aircraft swooped down over the mountains towards our targets. As I began my descent, the early-morning sun was shining right into my eyes. All I could see was the shadowy outlines of the ships in the harbor. But I remember being surprised to see so many boats anchored so closely together. I thought to myself, 'The Americans were careless. They have made it easy for us to attack.'

Our spies in Hawaii had provided us with a lot of information, including the fact that the water in the harbor was only about 40 feet deep. We knew that we had to descend to about 20 feet above the waves before we fired our torpedoes—if we were any higher, our missiles would dive down through the water and run aground. I was about 700 yards away from one of the ships when I fired. Then I banked sharply and began a steep climb—I could just see the explosion over my left shoulder.

Of the 12 torpedo bombers that left our mother ship, five failed to return. We actually expected more retaliation from the American side. Our commanders told us that shortly before our attack, the Japanese Embassy in Washington was supposed to tell the Pentagon that we were declaring war. Unfortunately, the embassy staff were too stupid or lazy to deliver the message. I'm still sorry about that. As professional pilots, we never dreamed that we would be taking part in a sneak attack. I was furious that the person in charge of delivering the message went unpunished. I don't personally believe that I did anything wrong, but I feel that I should apologize to the American people.

In the early 1960s, I spent three years working at the U.S. base in Okinawa, designing barracks for the American military. I never told the soldiers there that I was a Pearl Harbor veteran, because I was worried that their reaction might be harsh. But now I guess things have changed. It's natural that there is still an anti-Japan mood among some Americans, but I have no hatred against them—the American soldiers were brave fighters. Anyway, it has been 50 years since the attack. Why don't we wash away our bad memories and concentrate on the future? □

As a senior lieutenant in the Japanese Imperial Navy, Zenji Abe led a squadron of nine dive-bombers in the attack on Pearl Harbor. After the war, he spent 15 months in a U.S. military prison in Guam. Now 75, Abe is a retired plastics company executive and lives in a suburban Tokyo apartment.

When someone asks me if I was afraid at Pearl Harbor, I answer, 'No, as a professional pilot I was taught never to be afraid of a fight.' Besides, I had already lost five of my 24 classmates in training. In those days, everybody knew that the balance between death and life could tilt suddenly. We did not even take parachutes on our missions. Our superior officers told us that if we did not have enough fuel to return to our ship, we should attack the enemy with our planes.

On the morning of the attack, the sea was very rough. If we had still been in training, we probably would have decided that the weather was not suitable for flying. But we had no choice—we knew our mission. The first wave of aircraft took off at about 6 a.m. My navigator and I were in the second wave. We



ROSS LAIER/MACLEAN'S

■ Abe: 'I didn't see the bomb explode. Later on, I found out that the ship I hit was called the Arizona'





left an hour later, taking about an hour and 40 minutes to travel the 220 miles to Oahu. The first squadron in our group flew in a V-formation at an altitude of 11,500 feet. The next squadron flew slightly lower, and so on until you got to the last squadron, which I was leading. Peering out of my cockpit, I could see the aircraft ahead of us stacked up like rows of seats in a huge stadium.

Eventually, we reached Oahu, but all I could see were clouds covering the island. That's when we received a radio message from the pilots who took part in the first wave of the attack: 'Tora [Tiger], tora, tora.' That was the code signifying that they had succeeded in making a surprise attack. I thought to myself, 'Good. We did it.'

But as we flew closer, I could see the Americans firing back at us. I felt an icy shiver in my back, thinking that the Americans were quick to fight back. I just tried to concentrate on my mission. My plane had two machine-guns and a single 500-lb. bomb, so we had to fly to within 400 yards of the target so that I could be sure not to miss. I didn't see the bomb explode because I was already flying back to join the other planes. Later on, I found out that the ship I hit was called the Arizona.

I really didn't know much about the United States at that time, except that it was a young country and that its people had come from all over the world. To us, that meant that the Americans had no sense of national pride and no fighting spirit.

Today, I believe that we did not need to attack Pearl Harbor to secure our position in East Asia. But our commanders had become arrogant after defeating China and Russia. They told us that Japan was the land of the gods, so there was no way we could lose the war. Of course, it was crucial for us to secure the oil resources in East Asia, but we should have tried to do it through diplomatic efforts. Instead, our commanders gambled and lost. □





BOSS LAYER MALLARD/S

■ Iitsuka 'Before we left Japan, I withdrew all my money and spent it paying for geisha girls'

Tokuji Iitsuka was a 20-year-old pilot at the time of the Pearl Harbor attack. He is now a director of a construction company in Tochigi, 60 km northwest of Tokyo.

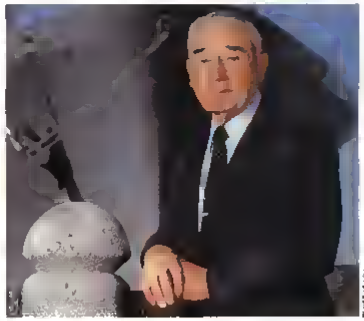
Before my ship, the Akagi, left for Hawaii, we flew several practice raids on Kagoshima, a port in southern Japan. Our success rate against moving targets was 80 or 90 per cent. Because of that, I was sure our mission would meet with success. In fact, attacking a stationary aircraft carrier at Pearl Harbor proved to be a lot easier than our practice raids.

At that time, Japanese pilots were paid twice as much as ordinary soldiers. We could have saved the money, but I did not expect to return from Pearl Harbor alive. So before we left Japan, I withdrew all of my money from the bank and spent it going to bars and paying for geisha girls. Still, I was not afraid. I thought it would be shameful if we did not succeed. That is how we were taught to think.

I flew in the second wave of the attack. By the time we reached Pearl Harbor, the U.S. side was returning fire. It looked like a fireworks display, with bright red flashes as the Americans tried to shoot us down. My plane was hit three times. But the only time I was nervous was when I saw that our fuel tank was damaged. In the confusion, my aircraft got separated from the group, so we were not sure how to find our way back. Finally, we found a Japanese submarine in the area. The crew gave us directions to our ship. I still remember how happy I was when we spotted that submarine.

I felt relieved when the war ended, but our country lay in ruins. There was no food, no jobs. Nobody knew what would happen to us. Finally, the government asked me to join the National Police Reserves [later renamed the Japanese Self-Defence Force]. They even offered to increase my rank. I kept rejecting their offers because I did not want to be in the military.

I would have preferred to become a teacher, but when I applied to study at a teachers college in Tokyo, the administrators rejected me because I had served in the military. That was the only time I experienced discrimination—I think the U.S. occupying forces had introduced a guideline to keep former soldiers out of the school system. It was difficult to get work at that time, so eventually I became a policeman. Since the war, I have been to Hawaii three times. But I visited the Pearl Harbor memorial only once, in 1970. I couldn't even bring myself to look at the photographs of the Arizona because I felt so sorry for the men who were killed during our attack. □



THIES SARA



■ Miller 'The ship's cook walked out through a wall of flames, saying, "Help me, help me" '

Jim Miller, a Texan, graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1939 and was assigned to the USS Arizona. He was an ensign in charge of gun turret No. 3 when the battleship anchored in Pearl Harbor in December, 1941. Now 74, he is a retired naval captain living in Coronado, Calif.

I had shaved and was getting ready for breakfast when I heard an explosion at some distance. I could feel it, but I had no idea what it was. But then there were more explosions and they were clearly getting closer, and I started for my battle station. By this time, I guessed that the Japanese were bombing us.

You will have seen the pictures and know that the whole forward part of the ship was blown up—armor-piercing bombs penetrated the forward magazine areas. But having gone to battle stations, the men in turrets 3 and 4 in the aft part of the ship—although we had a bomb hit—were really protected by the armor around them. So when the big explosion hit and the ship began to settle, we had no immediate casualties in those two turrets. But we did begin to flood, and noxious gases began to

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form. I was in the upper part of the turret, and I stepped out when this big explosion happened, and I saw an immense condition of fire and destruction forward, and a number of burned men on the deck.

At that point, I made the decision that the men in my turret were not going to be able to fire the guns. I ordered my men out of the turret to fight the fires and take care of the injured. The whole forward part of the ship was burning. I remember the ship's cook walking out through a wall of flames, saying, "Help me, help me." He was on fire, but he was still on his feet. I helped to get him in a boat. Of course, you can just imagine that people were blown to bits in the forward part, but we have no knowledge of exactly what happened. Those who were on their feet and injured, it was from the tremendous fire or shrapnel. It is all vivid in my mind.

I did not see any of the attacking planes. The noise must have been terrific, yet the noise is not pressed into my mind. I recall walking down the deck and some machine-gun bullets were digging up the wood right alongside me. They must have come from a plane passing over. The bullets were hitting the deck about two or three feet away from me. But in that condition, you really don't worry—the surprise aspect of the thing is most vivid. We had boats moored to booms alongside the ship. They were not damaged, and so eventually we manned those boats and moved the rest of our people off and over to Ford Island, which was close by. We had as many men as we could get aboard, and some were swimming in the water trying to get clear. We picked up some of the swimmers.

I lost a lot of friends on the Arizona, including the captain, the admiral and the doctor. None of my division's crewmen were lost. I'm a little reluctant to join in this 50th-anniversary event, but I have committed myself to it. It's appropriate to remember that time and to remember those who were lost. The effect of Pearl Harbor was to unite the people of our country, and to enable us to mount a strong war effort. □

Gerald Glaubitz, originally from Nebraska, was a 21-year-old fire controlman aboard the USS San Francisco, a heavy cruiser that was undergoing an overhaul at Pearl Harbor when the Japanese attacked. He is now the mayor of Morningside, Md., and president of the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association.

I was over on the beach on liberty. I had stayed overnight in a hotel, and the hotel people awoke me to say that Pearl Harbor was under attack and all servicemen had to report to stations. I had a motor vehicle there, a 1932 Graham-Paige. There was another navy guy with me, and still in civilian clothes we jumped into my car and started back to Pearl Harbor. It was about six miles away, but about halfway there the road was blocked with other cars. And so I drove into the sugarcane fields. We picked up other navy guys along the way, and by the time we reached the base there were 25



SIMON SAKA

■ Glaubitz: 'The planes came in low—I could just about have shaken hands with the pilots'

people hanging on to that car.

When you approach Pearl, you can't really see anything until you get through the gates, and then the whole harbor is before you. And we saw the whole thing. There were explosions and burning ships and planes everywhere. I couldn't comprehend it. I could not believe they could get that close to us without us knowing it. We saw these planes and we assumed they had come in from carriers and that the carriers were just outside the harbor waiting to land men for an invasion. We knew right away who was attacking because we could see the red meatballs on the wings.

I drove down to where our ship was and, as soon as we parked, a plane started to strafe us. I tell you, we made it to that ship in a hurry. Our ship was not damaged at all. But the Arizona had already exploded—it was just a mass of smoke. There were boats getting injured men. There was fire on the water with oil and everything, but we could do very little. I was very frightened, but I'm not sure I realized it. The planes were coming in right over the stern of our ship very, very low—I could just about have shaken hands with the pilots. I could very clearly see their faces.

I did not leave the ship again. We finally headed for Wake Island, although it fell before we got there and we were ordered back to Pearl. As soon as we got ashore, I could see that my car was gone and so was the parking lot—it had become an ammunition dump. I got a letter saying they had declared martial law and had impounded my car; I was to hear from them later. But I never did. What really made me mad was that I'd just bought four new tires from Sears Roebuck, and I'd charged them. Even though I had no car, I was still paying for tires.

In some ways, they did us a big favor by attacking Pearl Harbor, because if they had not sunk those battleships, we would not have been forced into high-speed strike forces, which were the best tactic available. We started hit-and-run tactics, which really paid off. □



IAN SCOTT

Wilbert Lynch of Edmonton was a private in the Winnipeg Grenadiers, sent to reinforce the British garrison in Hong Kong in November, 1941. Now 68, he retired from carpentry in 1987.

I was getting out of bed on the morning of Dec. 8 when sirens started going all over. They gave us ammunition and our guns and told us to go hold the line. We came over a hill and the Japanese were already there. So they took us over to Hong Kong island. They sent us up to Wan Chai Gap to guard the reservoir. The Japs began attacking but they couldn't make it because we were shooting at them. About 50 of us held out for two weeks until the island surrendered.



■ Lynch: 'If I dropped a pail, they'd beat me with the flat of their swords'

In February, 1942, we were shipped to Japan, where we worked in nickel and coal mines. We lived in a bamboo shack and slept on straw mattresses. The bedbugs would freeze in winter and come to in the summer. We had a little tin stove, but we didn't get much wood to burn. One

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night, it was 17 below zero. Our food wes rice and potato-top soup, and my weight went from 196 to 118.

One time, I stole a big radish off a truck. They brought me into camp with that radish—it was about a foot long—and they made me hold it in my mouth with two pails of water on my shoulders and a piece of bamboo across my knees and another piece behind my knees. They made me sit back on the bamboo. If I dropped one of the pails, they'd beat me with the flat of their swords. After a while, I went numb and just fell over.

Two of our guys used to beat me, too. One was an Englishman and the other was a sergeant major with the Winnipeg Grenadiers. They were collaborating with the Japs. Back in Hong Kong, I had been a boxer, and this sergeant major was supposed to be tough. But I beat the crap out of him. When we got to Japan, he beat the crap out of me. After the war, they took away his pension and gave him a dishonorable discharge, but that's all.

We weren't liberated until late August of 1945. The Americans came over and dropped food. One pilot dropped some pamphlets that said, 'Open your kitchen door and we'll put some chickens in there for you.' We opened the door and he flew in low and put those chickens right through the door.

The Americans were making a propaganda film about rescuing prisoners of war, so they took 37 of us on tour in American uniforms. We travelled with celebrities—Joe Louis, Robert Mitchum, Montgomery Cliff. I had a good time and I didn't get home until Nov. 27. When I got to Fort Osborne barracks in Winnipeg, I had five American uniforms, brand new. One day, I came out of the shower and somebody had stolen all of them. □

Denzil Firth of Ste-Foy, Que., was a private in the Royal Rifles of Canada when they arrived in Hong Kong. Now 69, Firth is retired from his job as a Bell Canada installer

The rumors had been that the Japs would never attack. The night before they did, we were at a movie in Hong Kong when the MPs came in and told us to go back to camp at Sham Shui Po. The next morning, we were on our way to our positions on the island when the Japanese started bombing.

One day towards the end of the fighting, we were ambushed on a hillside and I got shot in the arm. We hid in a pillbox for two days, without food or water, and then through the shutters we saw the white flags.



CHRISTOPHER MOORE

■ Firth: 'I got shot in the arm. We hid in a pillbox for two days, without food or water'

A British ambulance took us to hospital and my arm was set. Then, the Japs decided they wanted the hospital for their own wounded, so they kicked us out. I wound up in the prison camp at North Point, which the Japs had been using for their mules and horses. There was manure and urine all over and the place stank.

In October of 1942, we were shipped back to Sham Shui Po, and we stayed there for nearly three years. We slept on bunks like big platforms, head to feet, crowded up against each other. We had lice and bedbugs. I was lucky enough to have two blankets, and I sewed paper between them in winter to give more heat.



The British had wanted to lengthen the runway at Kai Tak airport, but they couldn't because there was a hill in the way, maybe 100 feet high, which was some kind of sacred mountain to the Chinese who had buried their dead in it. The Japs made us take it down with picks and shovels. They wanted a certain number of Canadians in the work parties, say 100, and they took sick ones to make up the total. At around 5 o'clock in the morning, I'd be put on a stretcher and carried to where the others were working. At 10 o'clock at night, they'd carry me back. There must have been four, maybe five of us, too weak to stand from dysentery. To save our boots, we made wooden clogs and wore those when we weren't on a working party. In summer, we wore pieces of white cloth between our legs and tied around the waist, like big diapers. In winter, all you had to wear was what you'd been able to hang on to.

The Japanese would smile and then they'd turn around and slap your face or hit you with a rifle butt. A lot of guys got beaten up. There wasn't much I could do. I weighed 86 lb. The first person we saw the day we were liberated was a Canadian naval officer who showed up on the back of a bicycle ridden by a Chinese. He had some cartons of cigarettes with him. Eleven of us were invited down to the Prince Robert, the Canadian armed merchant cruiser. They told us we could have anything we wanted. The first thing everybody asked was could they have steaks. But we hadn't had solid food for so long, we couldn't eat them. We tried, but they just wouldn't go down. We all started to cry. Until I got back to Canada, I lived on milk and ice cream. I still don't have a good appetite. □

Henry Blackham was a 23-year-old British army sergeant when his artillery unit was sent to Malaya (now Malaysia) in October, 1941. The men arrived near Kota Baharu, on Malaya's northeastern coast, early on Dec. 7. The Japanese actually struck there before they attacked Pearl Harbor—only the differing time zones make it sound later. Blackham, now 73, is a retired prison guard in Leicester.

When we arrived in Kota Baharu, we hadn't been told anything. But there was a sense of expectancy. First thing we did was get some sleep. When we got up, it was about 9 p.m. A bit later, we heard heavy guns firing. We learned later it was the Japanese ships opening



SKIP KATZ/SABA

■ Blackham: 'We thought their planes were made of Plasticine'



up on our defences on the beaches a couple of miles away. I was in charge of communications, so I was travelling around on a motorbike to make sure our spotters could talk to the gun crews by phone. The Japanese ships went on firing all night, and they had fighters attacking us. But the only time I was fired on was the next morning, by our own blokes, in the dark. They missed, but I turned into a ditch and ruined a perfectly good motorbike.

We heard over the radio that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. We breathed a sigh of relief: at least we weren't alone. We had assumed the Japs wouldn't be daft enough to take us on or the Americans, let alone both. We'd been told their planes were made of gum and Plasticine—such was our arrogance. But we saw what scrappers they were. I take nothing awey from them as fighters.

We fought all the wey down the peninsula. When Singapore fell [on Feb. 15, 1942], I became a prisoner of war and wasn't released until August of 1945. They were pretty vicious there. But the men we fought were regular soldiers, different from the ones who ran the camps. So I don't bear them any ill will. I'm going back to Kota Baharu for the 50th anniversary, and some Japanese veterans will be there. They've invited us to dine with them, and I don't mind meeting them. You've got to applaud the Japanese for their success since the war. I've driven Japanese cars for years. □



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Paying For Paradise

Hawaii, home of Pearl Harbor and now reliant on Japanese investment, is a kind of case study in U.S.-Japanese relations

I can close my eyes and see it just like it happened yesterday I can see the explosion on the Arizona I can see our ship, the West Virginia, on fire. I can see my buddy lying in the galley, he was dead. I can remember swimming to Ford Island. I can remember the guys who were trapped in my ship and we couldn't get to them There were three of them and we heard them tapping, every night, until just before Christmas, when it finally quit All of it's right there. It never goes away

—Richard Fiske, a Pearl Harbor survivor

Along the stretch of white sand, shaded by palms and bordered by stately Diamond Head crater, beefy Hawaiian beachboys give private surfing lessons and rent outrigger canoes, air mattresses and boogie boards Snack bars sell flavored shave ice, hawkers peddle coconuts out of coolers and vacationers form a passing parade of young, lotion-smeared bodies in skimpy Day-Glo swimsuits. Welcome to Waikiki, perhaps the world's most famous beach, where Babe Ruth and assorted Rockefellers have stayed and U S servicemen have long played It is a place both all-American and exotic, a highrise Miami Beach-style resort fringed with the grass-skirted romance of Polynesia But there is another prevailing influence, as well: in Honolulu's Waikiki, which lies just 22 km from where the Japanese bombed U S. battleships nearly 50 years ago, setting off the savage Pacific war that they would ultimately lose, more than half of the hotel rooms are now owned by Japanese investors Many of the packed-in sunbathers are Japanese, too And some Hawaiians, particularly those of the Pearl Harbor generation, voice a common complaint, repeated like a litany. "What the Japanese could not do militarily," said Fiske, "they're doing economically."



BOB LEVY/MAGNUM FOR MACLEAN'S

Hawaii is a kind of case study in the complexities of U S.-Japanese relations It is where East meets West, and its Pearl Harbor history gives a special resonance to the current tensions between the two nations, with all their worldwide implications Faced with a $47 billion trade deficit with Tokyo last year and growing Japanese investment in the United States, American legislators have complained bitterly about unfair trade practices and threatened protectionist measures But Hawaii *needs* the yen-rich Japanese: last year, they invested $3 2 billion in Hawaiian real estate alone, or 95 per cent of all such foreign investment, and Japanese visitors accounted for more than one-quarter of spending in the state's number 1 industry, tourism

And although Hawaiian officials deny that their Pacific paradise is becoming an economic colony of America's former enemy, they worry openly that the half-century anniversary of Pearl Harbor on Dec 7 will further strain U S -Japanese ties—and scare away Japanese visitors and investors "We're concerned, no question," said Mufi Hannemann, director of the state office of international relations—an office whose very existence testifies to the importance of Hawaii's Tokyo connection

Still, many Hawaiians blame Japanese buyers for helping to drive up the price of real estate in America's 50th state, a lushly beautiful island chain that was admitted to the union in 1959 And when Honolulu's country-music station, KDEO, began playing a song called *Workin' for the Japanese* earlier this year ("Sony owns the Rockefeller Center," the lyrics say, "and the Hawaiian archipelago"), disc jockey Paul Sampson said there were "heavy requests for it—people called constantly." Not surprisingly, the debate over whether an official Japanese delegation should attend next month's Pearl Harbor commemoration set off a new round of Japan-bashing

In June, the state department dodged that thorny issue by announcing that it would not invite *any* foreign dignitaries But Honolulu Mayor Frank Fasi, in a letter to President George Bush, who plans to speak at the ceremonies, suggested that he urge his Japanese counterpart "to make a sincere apology" for the Pearl Harbor attack, and then attend the commemoration Masaji Takahashi, who until last week was Japan's consul general in Hawaii, told *Maclean's* that the decision was "an American affair" and that "fundamentally, Japanese-American relations are very solid." But many Hawaiians were plainly offended by the mere consideration of inviting the Japanese One recent letter-writer to *The Honolulu Advertiser* newspaper argued that Hawaiian officials were trying to "kiss up to the Japanese to get their money," and added "Why should we celebrate with the people who put our loved ones in their watery grave?"



SCHOCHET/TONY STONE WORLDWIDE/PHOTO STOCK PHOTO

Waikiki and Diamond Head crater; Ichiyama (below left): beachboys, outrigger canoes—and heavy Japanese ownership

In his book *Pearl Harbor Ghosts*, author Thurston Clarke maintains that "the Japanese have been a unique enemy in United States history, hated more than any other"—and that the enduring American animosity is partly anchored in that surprise Pearl Harbor attack Those memories are strongest at the sunken USS Arizona, the watery grave for 1,102 men killed when an armor-piercing Japanese bomb ripped through the deck and hit the forward magazine The ruined battleship proved too dangerous and too expensive to raise, and now an arched white memorial, reached by shuttle boat, spans the rusted hulk The foundation of its No. 3 gun turret pokes up prominently, and oil still leaks eerily to the surface, forming small, ragged slicks in rainbow colors "My life changed, the whole world changed, on that day," said Warren Verhoff, 70, a tugboat radioman 50 years ago Of the Arizona dead, he added. "To us military guys, you didn't have to know the men personally, they're your shipmates They're all my shipmates."

Verhoff is one of a handful of Pearl Harbor survivors who volunteer at the memorial, living reminders of that long-ago Sunday morning They are grey-haired now, dressed in green National Park Service shirts, local celebrities sought out by tourists for autographs and photos And they all have stories to tell of the moment the bombs began to fall and the Rising Sun of Japan became visible under the planes' wingtips of seeing the faces of the Japanese pilots—many survivors swear they were smiling; of ships exploding, bodies flying, men burning, others trapped hopelessly in the bowels of doomed vessels beyond the reach of would-be rescuers "I have never been to hell and I hope I never go," said William Speer, 73, a yeoman second class aboard the light cruiser USS Honolulu at the time of the attack. "But I think I was very close to it that day."

Speer says that he enjoys working at the memorial. But he admitted: "Sometimes I just get choked up—I think it happens to all of us" The Japanese tourists who visit the site, he says, are quiet and respectful, and he harbors no personal animosity towards those who carried out the attack "They were doing what they were ordered to do," he said, "and the Good Book teaches you to forgive." But Speer added. "You hate the act And I hate it that Japan has never apologized for it, they never said, 'I'm sorry.' "

Fiske, a marine bugler at the time, watched the devastation from the bridge of the sinking West Virginia—watched the Arizona burst into an enormous ball of fire and, thrown backward himself, remembers thinking: "By God, we're going to be next." In the years afterward, Fiske said, "I had tremendous hate inside. I thought I was going to bust." He still says that some of the Japanese tourists are not reverent enough "This is a shrine, this is a cemetery," he said "The young ones, I don't think they have the slightest idea what this

place is." Now 69, Fiske walks around the visitors centre carrying his scrapbook of old photos—of flaming American battleships, of himself as a young marine in happier days—his eyes misting as he talks. He also shows off pictures of his two grandchildren, both Asian in appearance. His daughter, he explains, is married to a Japanese-American—"just the nicest guy you'd ever want to meet."

The volunteers say they are pleased that a Tokyo delegation will not attend the Dec. 7 ceremonies. And they express concern about the massive Japanese investment in Hawaii. But they acknowledge the paradoxes. The Pearl Harbor Survivors Association, with 15,000 members nationwide, will hold its closing banquet at the Japanese-owned Sheraton Waikiki. And some of the survivors drive Japanese cars. Speer, who recently sold his Nissan and bought a Honda, explained: "I'll tell you the reason I buy Japanese products—they're so damn much better than the American ones."



BOB LEVIN/MACLEAN'S

Verhoff before the Arizona memorial and the rusted foundation of a gun turret: 'shipmates'

In the 1800s, the Japanese referred to Hawaii as Tenjuku, or "the heavenly place." Now, like the glossy brochures, they just call it paradise. "The weather, the water, the food—that is why we come," said Seiichi Izumi, a 26-year-old tourist from Tokyo, lounging on Waikiki beach. Last year, 1.4 million Japanese vacationed in Hawaii, feeding a tourism industry that accounts for more than one-third of the gross state product, and that has helped keep unemployment down to a recession-beating 2.5 per cent. And that is precisely why Hawaiian officials are nervous: if U.S.-Japanese relations deteriorate further, the Japanese could simply stay away.

During the Persian Gulf War, there was a 40-per-cent decline in Japanese visitors, attributed in part to security concerns, but also to Japanese sensitivity. The Americans were already criticizing Tokyo for not contributing more heavily to the war effort, a controversy that could only be heightened by TV images of young Japanese frolicking on Hawaiian beaches while Americans and their allies prepared for battle in the Saudi Arabian sands. Similarly, the Japanese want to avoid creating ill will during the Pearl Harbor anniversary. Issei Watanabe, operations manager of the Japanese-owned Nippon Travel Agency Pacific, said that "we don't have many customers" that week—and he implied that it was a deliberate company policy.

Hawaiian concerns are heightened by the free-spending habits of Japanese visitors. On average last year, each Japanese spent $340 per day in Hawaii, compared with $158 for each American and $120 for each Canadian (there were 318,000 of the latter). In Waikiki, along teeming Kalakaua Avenue, stores display signs in English and Japanese. And amid the procession of vacationers gone native in bright floral aloha shirts are a marked number of Asians. "Take a look, it's almost all young Japanese," said William Sayles, who moved from Toronto nearly two decades ago. He was watching the passers-by from the office of the Japanese-owned real estate company where he works. "They're typical kids," added the 80-year-old Sayles. "They've just got more money than the average American."

In fact, along with stores selling the predictable Hawaiian hats, T-shirts, postcards, flower leis and "Sun your buns in Hawaii" ashtrays, Kalakaua Avenue has high-ticket shops that cater to the desires of young Japanese visitors. They sell $30,000 Cartier watches, $500 Chanel crocodile-skin belts and, at the Celine shop, leather handbags for as much as $1,400. There, salesperson Mayumu Kato said that 80 per cent of the customers are Japanese. "They like name-brand things," she said. "They're not shopping for bargains."

Another reason that Japanese tourists feel so comfortable in the Aloha State is that about one-quarter of the population is of Japanese ancestry. Japanese-Americans have prospered in Hawaii, both economically and politically—their numbers include Senator Daniel Inouye, among other prominent figures. But some also warn about the dangers of a new spate of Japan-bashing, fearing that the backlash will hit them, as well. And many of them remember what happened after the attack on Pearl Harbor, when Japanese-Americans were subjected to everything from slurs to internment—the dark side of the American dream.

For Edward Ichiyama, who grew up in Hawaii, the Japanese attack was a personal affront. "We were incensed," recalled Ichiyama, now 68. "Here our ancestors are attacking us, and this is where the seeds of patriotism were planted. We said, 'Hey, we have to do something about this.' " What Ichiyama did was to join a newly formed, mostly Japanese-American army unit—and begin a journey through the historical markers of his time. He was wounded fighting the Germans in France and later arrived at a Nazi concentration camp near Dachau in time to witness what he calls the "pitiful, gut-wrenching sight of these really emaciated inmates in their prison garb."

Meanwhile, one of his brothers, Katsuji, who had been living in Japan when war broke out, was drafted into the Imperial Japanese Navy, serving aboard a destroyer. He survived its sinking by the Allies, and later married a woman who had been just outside Hiroshima when the United States dropped an

Fiske: explosions and fire



BOB LEVIN/MACLEAN'S



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Ichiyama, whose second wife is a Japanese-American who was interned on the U.S. mainland, says that even after his military service, he experienced anti-Japanese slights from white Americans. A barber refused to cut his children's hair, and a man brandished a shotgun when Ichiyama went looking for a house to buy. "I would imagine," he said, "that in certain people, this kind of feeling still prevails because they don't distinguish—in their mind, a Jap is a Jap."

Ichiyama, who has retired from his job as a manager at the Social Security Administration, says that the Tokyo government could help greatly by apologizing for Pearl Harbor. But he argues that it is unfair to single out the Japanese because of their investment in the United States. "People are saying the Japanese are buying Hawaii, they're buying California, they're buying New York," Ichiyama said. "But hey, someone is *selling*, you know. And in Hawaii, most of the sellers are non-Japanese."

Florence Matsuura steers her Honda Accord through the quiet streets of Kahala, a rich oceanside neighborhood in east Honolulu. A real estate agent, Matsuura is a 58-year-old Japanese-American who has several clients from Japan. The low-slung houses of Kahala, graced by palm trees and flowering bougainvillea, range in price from under $1 million to more than $20 million, she says, and most of the sales are to Japanese. Many visit Hawaii only once or twice a year. As Matsuura talks, a white stretch limousine turns off Kahala Avenue and comes to a stop. "You see that a lot," she says. "They'll come into town and bring a few friends and say, 'Let's go out and play golf.' And then they have a limousine pick them up to play." Matsuura shakes her head. "The unfortunate thing is that the properties aren't being used much," she says. "It's such a waste."

The Japanese are far from the first foreign investors in modern-day Hawaii. In the late 1970s, Canadians touched off a mini-boom by buying resort condominiums, many in Waikiki, but when the condo market dropped in 1981, Canadian investors fell away. Then, in the mid-1980s, the Japanese began their major move into Hawaii, snapping up hotels, office buildings, shopping centres, golf courses and residential properties. In one now-notorious case in 1987, billionaire Genshiro Kawamoto, riding around in a stretch limo, bought 75 houses and condos on the island of Oahu in four months. The following year, he paid $45 million for a single estate.

Hawaiians complained that the Japanese were driving up property taxes and housing prices. But although the median price for a single-family house is now $388,000, up from $191,000 in 1986, analysts say that the Japanese are not solely to blame—Hawaii has a limited amount of available land and a lack of affordable housing.

In any case, with Tokyo banks now imposing tighter lending policies, the Japanese buying frenzy has subsided. And according to Michael Sklarz, research director for Locations Inc., the Hawaiian government can always rein in the Japanese investors. "If you push too far, you're going to stimulate a backlash against you," Sklarz said. "The problem when you buy real estate, as opposed to other investments, is that you can't take it with you. So you have to blend in with the local economy or you'll get punished."

In Kahala, Jitsuo Nakano, a real estate agent who grew up in the area when it was mostly pig and chicken farms, rejects the conventional wisdom that what the Japanese could not do by bombing they are doing by buying. "That's all bull," he said. "It's all on an individual basis. My clients from Japan are here because they want to come here, because this is paradise. They have the money, so they do it." Nakano, a 65-year-old Japanese-American who was interned for three years during the war, says that people should stop demanding a Japanese apology. "America has started wars, too," he said. "So why keep remembering? We had a fight, we make up and forget about it. Why hold that animosity in your heart?"

But animosity remains, memories resurface. In Hawaii, a sense of unfinished business lingers. Joseph McCabe recalls that, with the Japanese attack in progress, he huddled with his brothers and sisters as his father, answering a radio call for civilian workers to return to Pearl Harbor, drove off in a green Packard. "We were saying, 'How, with all this bombing going on, can they say for the civilians to go back, and without any arms? This is crazy.'"

He remembers, too, that a couple of hours later, a family friend arrived at his house with the tragic message: his father, along with an uncle and two cousins, had been killed in the car. Official reports blamed the so-called friendly fire of American anti-aircraft guns. McCabe, now 66, who lives on the windward side of Oahu across the mountains from Honolulu, argues that the families of civilian victims should receive government compensation, just as Japanese-American internees did.

Fiske, the former marine bugler, recalls a moment of reconciliation, of hope. It was at the Arizona memorial just a couple of months ago. A grey-haired man walked up to him, a man of his generation. He kept pounding his chest and saying, "I'm Japanese, I'm Japanese." Fiske recalls: "I didn't know what to make of it—I didn't know whether he was going to start World War III here or what." But the man put his hands on Fiske's shoulders and said, "I'm sorry, I'm so very sorry," and pulled him into an embrace. "He was holding me so tight," Fiske remembers. "We must have been that way for a minute or two and then when we broke away, the tears were streaming down both our faces." In the confusion, or maybe in embarrassment, the man disappeared. Fiske tried to find him but could not. He had so many unanswered questions.

BOB LEVIN in *Honolulu*



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Izumi (right) and friend Akiko Inoue: 'the weather, the water'



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Fishing boats confiscated from Japanese-Canadians moored on the Fraser River in 1942: war measures

JAPAN

SPECIAL REPORT

Legacy Of Shame

Japanese-Canadians became 'enemy aliens' in their own land

The families stood huddled together in a large hall in Winnipeg as local farmers walked among them, appraising their suitability and making selections. They were on display after the British Columbia Security Commission had circulated pamphlets asking, "Do you need farm help?" In one group stood Kazuo Miki, his pregnant wife, Shizuko, and their three young children—Arthur (Art), Leslie and Joan. In more innocent times, the Mikis lived peacefully on their own farm in the Fraser Valley near Haney, B.C. But the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, changed all that. In April of the next year, the federal government, in a program designed to clear the coastal region of Japanese-Canadians, shipped the Mikis to the Manitoba capital. Selected from the gathering of hundreds of families, they soon found themselves on a sugar beet farm in Ste. Agathe, 25 km south of Winnipeg, where they would spend the next two years. "My parents never returned to live in British Columbia," said Roy Miki, who was born in Winnipeg that October after the RCMP granted his mother a special pass to enter a hospital in the city. "When I moved to Vancouver in 1967, my father came just to visit, but said he was still quite afraid to come back. The fear of racism lingered."

The uprooting of the Miki family was just one small episode in perhaps the darkest chapter in the history of race relations in Canada. In the days and months following the raid on Pearl Harbor, the federal government designated as "enemy aliens" 22,000 people of Japanese heritage living in British Columbia—75 per cent of whom were either naturalized Canadians or, like the Mikis, born in Canada. By the fall of 1942, the government had evacuated them beyond a so-called protected area stretching 160 km inland from the Pacific Ocean along the entire B.C. coast. Officials confiscated their homes, businesses and farms, and even their cars, radios and cameras—despite RCMP and army assessments that no action was necessary. Maj.-Gen. Kenneth Stewart, then Canada's highest-ranking army officer, declared in 1941: "From the army point of view, I cannot see that Japanese-Canadians constitute the slightest menace to national security." In fact, not a single Canadian of Japanese ancestry was ever charged with disloyalty to Canada. But in the spirit and panic of the time, Ottawa decided to limit any risk that they might constitute as Japanese forces began occupying island after island in the Pacific.

When Japanese-Canadians finally won their full freedoms in 1949—four years after the end of the war—they discovered that nothing remained of what had been their lives. And it would be another four decades before the Canadian government apologized for their harsh treatment. In 1988, Ottawa agreed to pay $21,000 in compensation to each of the estimated 18,000 survivors of the displacement program. Arthur Miki, now a 55-year-old school principal in Winnipeg, led the battle to win redress. And on Oct. 30, he was presented the Order of Canada for his efforts on behalf of his parents and their fellow Canadians.

The shock and fear that enveloped the West after the Pearl Harbor attack provided fertile ground for the anti-Oriental racism that had never been far beneath the surface in British Columbia. It began in the 1880s, when the first Chinese immigrants arrived and found jobs in the railway-construction and coal-mining industries, where they were treated almost as disposable commodities. And it continued when the first wave of Japanese immigrants arrived in Canada between 1905 and 1907.

British Columbia, where most of them settled, greeted them inhospitably. Laws barred

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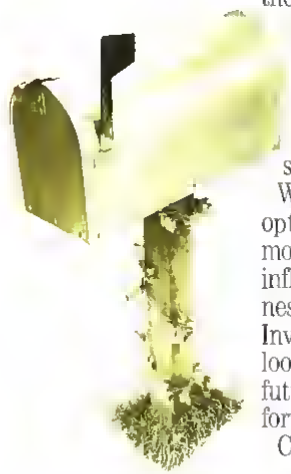
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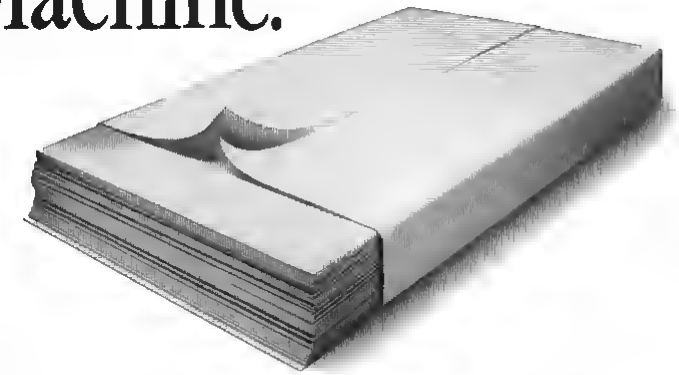
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Japanese-Canadians from holding public office or entering the legal, pharmaceutical, teaching and accounting professions. As well, they did not have the right to vote federally until 1948, nor provincially in British Columbia until 1949. Shunned, they congregated in the fishing and forestry towns along the coast, in the Fraser Valley and in Vancouver's Powell Street commercial area, known as Japanese Town, which was the site of an anti-Asian riot in 1907.

By then, Thomas Shoyama's father was established in British Columbia. "He was one of the first," said Shoyama, now 75 and a visiting professor of economics and administration at the University of Victoria. "My father came over in 1898." Shoyama, who went on to become a senior civil servant with the Saskatchewan NDP government and served as deputy finance minister in Ottawa from 1975 to 1979, was born in Kamloops, in the south-central part of the province. In 1938, he graduated with a bachelor's degree in economics from the University of British Columbia.

But like his fellow *Nisei* (the Canadian-born children of Japanese immigrants), Shoyama found it difficult, if not impossible, to secure employment outside his own community. In 1939, he went to work as editor and publisher of *The New Canadian*, a Vancouver-based English-language weekly newspaper for the Japanese-Canadian community. There, he experienced the province's racism firsthand. Declared Shoyama: "We were disenfranchised and faced quite a number of legal obstacles to citizenship—my paper was a journal devoted to trying to overcome those problems."



Train carrying Japanese-Canadians to an internment camp in 1942: lasting loyalty

Those difficulties paled in comparison with the treatment of Japanese-Canadians after Pearl Harbor. Within days of the bombing, the Royal Canadian Navy seized all 1,200 Japanese-Canadian fishing boats, putting 1,800 fishermen out of work. The Liberal government acted under the War Measures Act and two orders-in-council passed by the cabinet of Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King.

In March, 1942, Ottawa established the B.C. Security Commission to clear the 160-km protected zone in British Columbia of enemy aliens. First, the commission sent able-bodied men to help build highways in northern British Columbia. Then, thousands of families, and the wives and children of the road-gang workers, were herded to a clearing site at the Pacific National Exhibition in Vancouver. From there, they were dispatched to five so-called self-supporting projects and 10 internment camps in what had been nearly deserted mining and mill towns in the Interior. More than 2,500

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ended up on sugar beet farms in southern Alberta, and another 1,053 took the long train ride to southern Manitoba.

Meanwhile, the federal government seized Japanese-Canadian property, including all of the businesses and homes in the Powell Street area, and about 1,000 farms. Most of that property was auctioned off. B.C. MP Ian Mackenzie, an advocate of the displacement program, had declared in September, 1944: "Let our slogan be for British Columbia: No Japs from the Rockies to the seas."

That same year, the government allowed the Mikis to leave the sugar beet farm in Ste. Agathe. Their own farm, first purchased by Roy Miki's grandfather, Tokusaburo, who arrived in Canada in the early 1900s, had been sold. Kazuo Miki and his family, and others like them, moved to North Kildonan, then on the outskirts of Winnipeg—they were not allowed to live in the city itself. Roy Miki, now 49 and a professor of English at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C., recalled: "My parents told me that they were just horrified by the living conditions on the prairie." Added Miki, co-author of *Justice in Our Time*, a book on the Japanese-Canadian settlement: "In North Kildonan, we were allowed to rent shanties used to house migrant farm workers. There was no insulation. I remember it being so cold."

The Mikis and the other few dozen families in the North Kildonan shacks struggled to survive. Kazuo Miki found a job as a machinist in Winnipeg, using a pass to get to and from work. Said his son Roy: "Few people in Canada outside British Columbia had seen a Japanese-Canadian. So they looked strange. They'd get off the trains in little groups, and they looked so poor. They looked like refugees and were perceived as aliens. But like my parents, so many had lived in Canada all of their lives."

Kazuo Miki did not live to see his family win compensation for their suffering—he died in 1969. Formal efforts to win redress began in 1977. The Mikis' son Arthur took up the battle when he became president of the National Association of Japanese Canadians (NAJC) in 1984. On September 22, 1988, he shook hands with Brian Mulroney after the Prime Minister signed the government's official acknowledgment that it had taken "unprecedented actions" influenced by "discriminatory attitudes." As well as the payment of $21,000 for each surviving Japanese-Canadian who had been displaced, the agreement provided $24 million to create a Canadian Race Relations Foundation and up to $15 million for the NAJC.

Thinking back over all the suffering and the losses, Roy Miki said: "I always wonder what the community would have been like if we had stayed here. But that is all might-have-beens. Of course, it would be different. I might even be able to speak Japanese." Although he spoke the language as a child, he lost that ability during his adolescence, a result of what he now calls a deliberate "repression" of his heritage. But he will not forget the dark days when his native land denied that he was a native son.

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The 17-Day War

The Canadians in Hong Kong: 'You never forget the filth and dying men'

I still have bad dreams. The Japs are coming at me and I wake up just before they bayonet me.
—Donald Nelson of Calgary, formerly of D Company, the Winnipeg Grenadiers

They speak the names matter-of-factly from shared and indelible memories Sham Shui Po. Mount Butler. Wong Nei Chong Gap. Distant places that savagely shortened their long-ago move from adolescence to maturity. Many of them went off to war on the other side of the world as brash and clumsy boy-soldiers, returning four years later with haunted eyes and wasted bodies, old men in their early 20s. Not all came back. Of the 1,975 who embarked in 1941 on a foredoomed mission to help defend Hong Kong against the Japanese, 557 died in battle or of disease, beatings and butchery. Last week, 480 were still alive, men in their late 60s to mid-70s, some missing arms or legs, others fighting arthritis, diabetes and nightmares that jolt them awake, bathed in sweat. Said Robert Manchester, 75, of Victoria: "You never forget it, the dirt and the filth, the hunger and the cold, and the dying men."

For those who survived Ottawa's miscalculation, the Second World War was both brutal and bizarre. It consisted of a cramped 20-day voyage across the Pacific, 17 days of disorganized, bloody fighting on an island few had ever heard of and nearly four years of forced labor in the prison camps of Kowloon and the mines and shipyards of Japan. Now, a half-century later, they form the rapidly dwindling Hong Kong Veterans' Association of Canada, denied compensation by the Japanese government and largely ignored by military history, which prefers to dwell on tales of glory.

The disaster began to take shape on Sept. 19, 1941, when Britain asked Canada to reinforce the Hong Kong garrison. Ottawa picked two ill-trained and poorly equipped battalions, one each from the Winnipeg Grenadiers and the Royal Rifles of Canada. The Grenadiers had been on garrison duty in Jamaica, where they had practised with anti-tank rifles and mortars for which they had no ammunition.

The Royal Rifles had been manning coastal defence positions in Newfoundland. They had drilled with dummy grenades and had no ammunition for the battalion's mortars and four submachine-guns. Col. John Lawson, the army's director of military training, had earlier put the Grenadiers and the Rifles on a list of units not adequately trained for an operational role. The government picked them anyway—and Lawson found himself promoted to brigadier and placed in overall command. The force sailed from Vancouver on Oct. 27, 1941, on the British transport Awatea and the armed merchant cruiser Prince Robert.



Canadian troops disembarking in Hong Kong: ill-trained and poorly equipped

On Nov. 16, the Canadians disembarked on the 29-square-mile mountainous island of Hong Kong to join about 9,000 British and Indian soldiers. The Canadians were billeted in Sham Shui Po barracks on the mainland north of Kowloon and spent the next three weeks training. About 32 km farther north were more than 50,000 Japanese troops, battle-hardened by years of fighting in China.

On Dec. 8 at about 8 a.m. local time, 6½ hours after the raid on Pearl Harbor, 48 Japanese aircraft swooped down on Hong Kong. They blasted the naval dockyard, coastal fortifications and Kai Tak airport, demolishing five outmoded British planes, the colony's only air defence. Said Manchester, then a 26-year-old sergeant with the Grenadiers: "We didn't have any anti-aircraft guns, but we wouldn't have known how to use them anyway."

The bombs were still falling when the heavily reinforced Japanese 38th Infantry Division launched a three-pronged attack southward towards Kowloon. The next day, D Company of the Grenadiers was ordered to cover the withdrawal of British and Indian units. "A hundred

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and fifty of us were sent to defend a 17-mile front," said Manchester. "Then we were ordered back to the island."

As the fighting spread down the Kowloon peninsula, Lionel Speller, a 21-year-old Canadian signal corps motorcycle dispatch rider, sped through sniper fire, delivering orders to British and Indian commanders. Said Speller, now 72, of Victoria: "A Jap plane dropped a bomb 50 yards from me and I was blown off the bike. I got seven stitches in my leg, and two hours later I was back on the road."

On Dec. 13, Maj.-Gen. C. M. Maltby, the British commander-in-chief, ordered his men to retreat to the island. A Japanese officer under a flag of truce demanded the garrison's surrender. Maltby refused.

For the next five days, Japanese heavy artillery, mortars and bombers hammered Hong Kong, destroying pillboxes, coastal guns and fuel dumps. Civilians rioted in panic. Chinese drivers deserted. Japanese agents came out of hiding and began shooting at troops digging in. The barber in the Sham Shui Po barracks turned out to be a Japanese sergeant. Spreading fires and explosions lit the night sky. By day, huge columns of smoke obscured the city and filled the valleys. On Dec. 17, Maltby refused a second demand to surrender. The following night, Japanese assault troops stormed the island.

For a week, battles raged up and down the wooded, rocky landscape—at Mount Nicholson, Mount Cameron, Wan Chai Gap, Repulse Bay. John Stroud, 70, of Toronto, then a private with the Royal Rifles, said: "It ended up mostly hand-to-hand fighting. We'd take a hill and be ordered back and the Japanese would take it. Then we'd have to drive them back off again," Said Manchester: "Our radios weren't working. Some days, we'd be trying to contact each other and we'd wind up talking to the Japanese."

A Royal Rifles colonel, his unit surrounded and under fierce attack, radioed desperately for artillery support and was told there were no Japanese on the island. The Grenadiers' A Company, almost out of ammunition, captured Mount Butler after a bayonet charge, but the Japanese drove them off two hours later. Company Sgt. Maj. John Osborn was killed when he flung himself onto a Japanese grenade to shield his men. He was awarded the Victoria Cross posthumously.

On Dec. 19, Brig. Lawson radioed Maltby that the Japanese had surrounded his headquarters in Wong Nei Chong Gap and he was "going outside to fight it out." He charged from his pillbox firing two pistols, and the Japanese shot him. "There were explosions all around," Manchester said. "Most of our officers were either wounded or dead, and new people were always becoming leaders." The remnants of D Company of the Grenadiers finally barricaded themselves in a concrete shelter and held off Japanese attackers until Dec. 23, when their ammunition ran out. The Japanese blew open the shelter's steel doors and took the Canadians prisoner.

At dawn on Christmas Day, Maltby refused yet another demand for surrender. Said Stroud: "The Japs opened up with everything they had—artillery, mortars, machine-gun fire and bombers." The invaders rapidly encircled surviving pockets of starving, wounded troops. Communications collapsed all over the island. Units were cut off from headquarters and from one another.

At 3:15 p.m., Maltby capitulated. Altogether, about 955 Allied soldiers, including 290 Canadians, had been killed or had died of wounds. The Canadian wounded totalled 493. After the surrender, Japanese troops bayoneted many of the wounded in hospital, and raped and killed nurses. The Japanese put their losses for the 17-day campaign at 675 killed and 2,079 wounded.

For the survivors, nearly four years of barbarous maltreatment lay ahead in mainland prison camps and in Japan. Clad in the ragged remains of their uniforms and fed only rice and soup made of potato tops, hundreds contracted dysentery, malaria, pneumonia and diphtheria. Stroud worked 14 hours a day in the Japanese port of Niagata, unloading coal ships from China and Korea, and enduring beatings. On New Year's Eve of 1943, a shack collapsed under five feet of snow, killing 16 men inside. Meanwhile, Stroud's weight had dropped to 79 lb. from 165. Like scores of the others, he still has nightmares. "Usually, I'm in battles," he said. "Some I win, some I lose."

Donald Nelson, now 72, of Calgary, then a private in the Grenadiers, labored in the coal mines at Sendai, in northern Japan. "A lot of guys got beaten with pick handles, shovels and rifle butts," said Nelson. "Some were shot and bayonetted." Speller wound up in the Nippon-Kokan shipyards at Kawasaki, near Tokyo. The Canadians sabotaged warships by using bamboo instead of rivets in the hull plates. Speller once punched a soldier who had slapped him, inviting retaliation. "I was black and blue for three weeks," he said.

After Tokyo's surrender on Aug. 14, 1945, U.S. planes parachuted food and clothing to prison camps all over Japan. "They dropped food and cigarettes and chocolate," said Stroud. "Jeez, they even dropped ketchup and gum." When two U.S. airmen landed, he said, "we hugged them and hugged them—they never got so many hugs in their lives." Some of the Canadians were in American hospitals in Japan for weeks before they were sent home.

Many of the veterans have made pilgrimages back to Hong Kong to visit the Canadian military cemetery, to search vainly among glass-walled skyscrapers, garishly lit floating restaurants and million-dollar hillside villas for some tangible evidence that they were ever there. "Every time I walk through those hills," said Manchester, "I say to the people with me, 'God damn it, if we'd had an ounce of leadership and some equipment, we could have knocked the living socks right off those little bastards.'"

In Wong Nei Chong Gap, the three-storey Hong Kong Cricket Club sits on a two-acre site where D Company of the Grenadiers, holed up in a pillbox, fought off a Japanese advance for four days. On a recent Saturday night, several hundred of the island's wealthiest residents attended the annual outdoor barbecue. "It was a major social event," said club manager Keith Garner. The band played disco music that carried a considerable distance on the prevailing brisk breezes off the South China Sea. Across the road, half-hidden in the undergrowth, is the crumbling ruin of brigade headquarters. Squatters live there now.

RAE CORELLI



JACK HAMES/DND/NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA/PA 151728

Canadian prisoners are liberated at Sham Shui Po camp in 1945: largely ignored

Will The Steam Run Out?

In a country where tradition runs deep, young people are beginning to question the values of their parents

For generations, Japanese workers have sought inspiration from the samurai, an elite class of feudal warriors who prided themselves on intense mental and physical discipline. Stoic, obedient and hardworking, many modern Japanese businessmen follow that tradition by devoting themselves to their jobs with single-minded energy and enthusiasm. But Koji Yoshihara, 36, says that he prefers a more leisurely approach to life—and, he claims, he is not alone. While most of his counterparts in Tokyo's banking sector work 14-hour days, Yoshihara likes to leave the office promptly at 6 p.m. for the hour-long commute home to have dinner with his family. On weekends, he and his wife, Ayane, 27, often go camping in the nearby Tanzawa Mountains with their two-year-old daughter, Midori, and three-month-old son, Akira. "My parents' generation worked like crazy to rebuild Japan after the Second World War," said Yoshihara, "but now we have more choices. Japanese people are starting to ask themselves, 'Why are we working so hard?' "

Yoshihara's approach is an exception in Japan, but the fact that a growing number of young people espouse similar views illustrates one of the fundamental changes taking place in the country. Amid unprecedented prosperity, Japan's postwar consensus—in particular, the unquestioning acceptance of personal sacrifice for the greater good of the company and the country—is beginning to break down. Younger Japanese whose parents and grandparents willingly toiled 12 hours a day, seven days a week, are now seeking jobs that offer shorter working hours, two-day weekends and greater scope for individual creativity. At the same time, a deepening shortage of skilled and unskilled workers has created more opportunities for Japanese women to enter the traditionally male-dominated labor force. Although it is still rare in Japan for employers to treat males and females equally, some young women have found well-paying senior positions with foreign corporations, or have established their own small businesses.

For many young people, the changes are not coming fast enough. As the first generation of Japanese born into affluence, they are clearly determined to enjoy the fruits of their country's success and see little reason to place their jobs ahead of other pursuits, including family life and leisure. But others, especially those old enough to have lived through the country's wartime devastation and the struggle to rebuild, express alarm at the gradual shift in values. Some even say that Japan will fall victim to what they call "the American disease," squandering the wealth and economic power that has resulted from 4½ decades of unrelenting effort. "The problem with young people is that they are used to living with abundance," said Yoshihiko Wakumoto, 60, senior vice-president of Tokyo-based Toshiba Corp. "An excess of this kind of thinking could be harmful. It could bring about the kind of deterioration that we see in the West."

Such concerns are almost certainly exaggerated. Japan, although famous for emulating its rivals, is still a nation far unlike any other in the developed world. Insular, traditionbound and deeply homogeneous, it displays all of the trappings of a modern, industrialized society, but suffers few of the social and economic problems that plague many Western countries. The unemployment rate is an enviable 2.1 per cent, down from 2.2 per cent a year ago despite the fact that the pace of economic growth appears to be slowing. In Canada, the jobless rate has not been that low since 1947; the current figure is 10.3 per cent.

At the roots of Japan's economic stability is a powerful, centuries-old cultural tradition that emphasizes conformity and social harmony over individual rights. Vandalism and petty theft are both rare, and the violent-crime rate is well below that of most other countries in Asia and the West. In 1988, there were 1.2 homicides for every 100,000 people in Japan, compared with 2.4 in Canada and 8.4 in the United States. Indeed, respect for authority is so pervasive in Japan that sidewalk vending machines sell, in addition to soft drinks, a wide assortment of canned beer and $16 bottles of domestic whisky—with little concern that it will undermine efforts to enforce the legal drinking age of 20.

Another quintessentially Japanese characteristic is the still-powerful tradition of respect for elders. Many younger Japanese speak almost reverentially of their parents and grandparents, and credit them with having rebuilt Japan after the war. "I am extremely grateful to the older generation," said banker Yoshihara, who grew up in Hiroshima and whose maternal grandparents died of radiation burns on Aug. 14, 1945, eight days after the Americans dropped an atomic bomb on the city. He added: "In the old days, people spent 100 per cent of their time and energy on their work. Compared to them, we have it easy. We owe them a lot."

By contrast, the Japanese pay relatively little public attention to the history of the country's military aggression in the 1930s and 1940s. Most government-approved textbooks refer to the loss of 2.5 million Japanese lives during the Pacific conflict, but sidestep the issue of responsibility for the war. A common theme is that Japan suffered as much as any other country during the war—a view that is consistent with the widespread belief that the Japanese were victims of forces beyond their control. Recently, Japan's newspapers have bombarded their readers with articles about the approaching 50th anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941. But instead of using the occasion to re-examine the causes of the war, most of the stories have emphasized the possibility that Japan's critics would use the anniversary to engage in a new round of Japan-bashing.

Far from dwelling on the past, most young Japanese are focusing intently on the future—and on their hopes for a more relaxed, comfortable lifestyle. Said Toshio Hatano, an editorial writer in Tokyo for *Asahi Shimbun* (Morning Sun), Japan's second-largest daily newspaper (circulation 8.1 million): "People who reached adulthood during and soon after the war were accustomed to long hours, no holidays and no

Schoolgirls in Kyoto; Tokyo crowd (right): stressing harmony over individual rights



RUTH EIKOO/BLACK STAR



IAN SHAW/WORLDWIDE STOCK PHOTO

time to share with their wives and families." He added: "We are in a kind of transition period now. Most Japanese no longer care if the economy manages to maintain a nine- or 10-per-cent annual growth rate. They would be perfectly happy with a level of, say, three per cent."

For his part, Hatano welcomes the transformation. He says that younger Japanese—those born after 1960—tend to be less willing than previous generations to conform to the values and norms of the majority. The contrast is so stark, in fact, that many Japanese refer to the younger generation as the *shinjinrui*, or new human race. "The *shinjinrui* are more individualistic, which I think is a good thing," said Hatano. "They even find it easier to say no to their bosses when they are under pressure to work late. And why not? As a result of the labor shortage, they can easily find another job if they are fired by their companies for not conforming."

Hatano's favorable opinion of the younger generation, however, is far from universally shared. A more common view among middle-aged Japanese is that the younger generation is apathetic, lazy and concerned primarily with spending money and discovering new ways to enjoy life. "One way of putting it," said Mariko Fujiwara, director of the Hakuhodo Institute of Life and Living, a Tokyo-based think-tank, "is that young people in Japan have more in common with middle-class children in other developed nations than with their parents. They really believe that the purpose of life is to have fun. And they wish to do the least to get the most."

Motohiro Kondo, a former book editor in Tokyo who now arranges business and academic exchanges between the United States and Japan, offers another frequently voiced criticism of the *shinjinrui*. The son of a government official who lived in China throughout the war as part of the Japanese occupation of Manchuria, Kondo was born on Aug. 14, 1945—the day that Emperor Hirohito told his ministers that he had decided to accept the Allied demand for unconditional surrender. Six months later, Kondo's family returned to the country, much of which had been reduced to ash and rubble. "After the war, mothers had a hard time finding enough food to give to their children," Kondo recalled. "But even though conditions were harsh and we knew that we had been defeated, my generation really admired the United States. They helped us to reconstruct the country, and we appreciated what they did."

According to Kondo, the *shinjinrui* have a dramatically different view of Japan's former enemies. "Young people today are very arrogant," he said. "They look at what has been accomplished and they say, 'Japan is number 1. We are better than anyone else.' " Kondo, whose own children are 11 and 16, says that he is particularly dismayed by the armies of wealthy young Japanese tourists who flock each summer to the major cities of Western Europe and North America, taking advantage of favorable exchange rates. "They travel, but they are not really interested in learning about other countries and seeing how people live," he said. "Mainly, they just go to shop."

Regardless of their own attitudes, the men who are in charge of Japan's factories and offices often have little choice but to adapt to the younger generation. In the 1960s and 1970s, Japanese industries could count on an ample supply of well-trained, highly disciplined workers—products of a culture that emphasizes group loyalty and frowns on selfish goals. While companies in other countries were struggling to find new and ever more imaginative ways to motivate their workforces, Japanese firms had to contend with a different problem: employees who suffered *karoshi*, or death from overwork. Newspapers reported cases of men in their 40s who suffered heart attacks or strokes after working 100 days without a day off.

Japanese employees still work longer than their counterparts in other industrialized countries, although the gap appears to be shrinking. According to the ministry of labor, workers at companies that employ 30 or more people spent an average of 2,088 hours on the job in 1989, compared with 2,239 hours in 1970. By contrast, Statistics Canada says that Canadian workers log an average of 1,654 hours a year. And in 1988, the most recent year for which figures are available, only 30 per cent of all Japanese companies with 30 or more workers offered their employees regular two-day weekends.

But the days when Japanese employees were willing to work as long as their bosses asked may soon be a memory. By some estimates, there are now 1.4 vacant jobs for everyone seeking work, forcing companies to compete for potential recruits. The shortage of labor is particularly acute in the manufacturing sector. Said Toshiba vice-president Wakumoto: "Two or three years ago, we started to encounter real difficulty in finding people for our factories, even in rural areas where labor used to be abundant. We were forced to offer improved perks, including things like better health facilities and more spacious company housing."

Japan's largest automobile manufacturer, Toyota Motor Corp., has also been struggling recently to attract more blue-collar workers to its 12 domestic factories. At the Tsutsumi assembly plant in Toyota City, 250 km southwest of Tokyo, the company recently installed carpets on the floor beside the assembly line and air-conditioning ducts that blow cool air directly onto the workers. "Over the years, the personal living conditions of Japanese people have improved greatly," explained Shinji Sakai, a member of Toyota's board of directors. "If we want to attract more workers, we have to rise to meet that standard."

But the transition has often been difficult. In corporate boardrooms across the country, Japanese executives have been forced to abandon or revise long-standing company policies to avoid alienating their younger employees. "Whether

HOW JAPAN MEASURES UP

	Canada	Japan
Gross domestic product (1990, in billions)	$648	$3,464
Per capita gross domestic product (by purchasing power)	$22,603	$18,136
Population (millions)	27	123.6
Trade balance, 1990 (billions)	+$12.5	+$63.6
People per lawyer	395	9,000
People per car	2.1	15.8
Average residential space per person (in square feet)	655	271
Average price of a home (1989)	$110,583	$255,285
Annual hours of work per person (manufacturing)	1,654	2,088
Annual number of murders per 100,000 people	2.4	1.2
Infant mortalities per 1,000 births (infants under one year)	7.9	5

Source: Statistics Canada, OECD, Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp., Government of Japan

ERIC LEGGE

FORFEITING A CAREER

Like most brides-to-be, Eriko Yamazaki, 27, says that she is looking forward to her wedding. But in gaining a husband next January, Yamazaki will be forced to give up something that she clearly treasures: her job. For the past 4½ years, the soft-spoken, demure Yamazaki has worked as a secretary to a senior managing director at Tokyo-based Sumitomo Corp., one of Japan's largest trading companies. It was while working at Sumitomo that she met her future husband, a 28-year-old *salaryman* (office worker) who works in a separate division of the company in another part of the city. But when Yamazaki informed her boss recently about her forthcoming wedding, his reaction was unsentimental. "He told me that I would have to leave my job after the wedding," she recalled. "He said that as a wife, my responsibility will be to care for my husband so that he can concentrate fully on his job."

Yamazaki's experience is not unusual in Japan. Although four in 10 Japanese workers are women, many companies force their female employees to resign when they marry or have children. Moreover, polls show that most Japanese women have no desire to work full time outside the home after they get married. From birth, they are taught that a wife's duties are to cook, clean, tend to their children and cater to the needs of their husbands, many of whom leave for work at sunrise and return home late at night. Even now, few Japanese women fail to conform to that code of conduct. Those who try to combine marriage and a career often find their ambitions thwarted by conservative-minded employers and husbands unwilling to accept their desire to work.

In theory, at least, companies are prohibited from hiring and firing women on the basis of marital status. The 1986 Equal Employment Opportunity Law forbids sexual discrimination in hiring and promotions. But there are no penalties for firms that break the law.

In Yamazaki's case, the problem is a company policy that bars husbands and wives from working for the same firm. Because single employees are encouraged to find mates within the firm—a widespread practice in Japan—the rule helps to ensure that most young women quit after only a few years. Indeed, Yamazaki says that she recalls hearing a Sumitomo executive giving advice to a group of young male employees about their choice of marital partners. "It was just after I started working for the firm in April, 1987," she said. "He said that there was a whole group of Sumitomo girls fresh out of college who were suitable to become their wives."

Although Yamazaki says that she is unhappy about having to leave her $38,000-a-year position, she does not intend to resist her boss's pressure. "My fiancé told me not to make trouble or he will get a bad reputation," she explained. "But inside, I am angry." After her wedding, she added, she hopes to find work as a freelance guide and interpreter. But already, the joy of marriage has been tainted by the impending sacrifice of her career.

ROSS LAVER *with* *MASAKO SHIMIZU in Tokyo*



JASMINE CAM

Yamazaki: 'My fiancé told me not to make trouble or he will get a bad reputation'

TURNING AWAY FROM TEAMWORK

In a country in which few qualities are more important than loyalty to an employer, Motoharu Baba refuses to play by the rules. At 28, the brash Nagasaki native has already changed jobs twice. After graduating from Tokyo's University of Agriculture and Technology, Baba went to work for a computer company affiliated with the powerful and renowned Mitsui industrial group. As a "Mitsui man," Baba was almost assured of lifetime employment, annual salary increases and slow but steady progress up the corporate ladder. But instead of celebrating his good fortune, Baba quickly became dissatisfied. "I was bored stiff working at a big firm like Mitsui," he recalled. "In a Japanese company, teamwork is more important than individuality. That's good if everyone shares the same goal, but if your approach is different, things become very hard. I found it stressful because I had to keep my opinions to myself." Two years after joining Mitsui, Baba did the unforgivable. Seeking more responsibility and the possibility of foreign travel, he resigned from the Mitsui firm and joined the Tokyo branch of a French-owned chemical company.

When that firm encountered financial difficulties in 1989, Baba switched to the marketing department of Cargill North Asia Ltd., a subsidiary of the Minneapolis-based food industry giant Cargill Inc. "I like my work because of the independence," said Baba, whose current duties include trying to increase U.S. beef exports to Japan. "At most Japanese companies, I would not be given the green light to work on my own sales strategies. But here, I have the freedom to express my own ideas."

Fulfilling his ambition to travel, Baba recently spent six months in Kansas on a company-sponsored training program. He also visited Calgary for several days to learn about the beef industry there. He says that he returned to Tokyo more disillusioned than ever about the traditional Japanese approach to work and to life. "Older Japanese say that Japan is a wonderful country, but that's because they are comparing today's conditions to the way things were when Japan was destroyed during the war," said Baba, whose father was a kamikaze pilot awaiting his turn to fly when the Second World War ended. "But I represent the new generation. Personally, I'm fed up with Tokyo—the housing standards are deplorable and most people don't even know how to relax. They walk about in droves and do not enjoy the art of conversation."



KEN MACLEAN'S

Baba: 'I had to keep my opinions to myself'

Baba says that for now, he intends to concentrate on his career and has no plans to get married. He adds that he considers most young Japanese women to be immature and materialistic, interested mainly in finding a successful husband and then staying at home to have children. But if and when he does marry, he says that his family will be his top priority. "I do not believe that a married man should work long hours and neglect his family like most Japanese men do," he said. In that sense, too, Baba insists on doing things his own way.

ROSS LAVER *with* *SUVENDRINI KAKUCHI in Tokyo*

we like it or not, the old ways are disappearing," said Ryozo Yanaguchi, a senior official in the corporate management division of Osaka-based Matsushita Electric Industrial Co. Ltd. In one sign of the changing times, Matsushita—which produces audio and video equipment under the Panasonic and JVC brand names—last year decided to relax its employee dress code. Although company uniforms are still mandatory for blue-collar workers, Matsushita's office staff and sales representatives are no longer required to wear conservative navy-blue suits and white shirts. "The trend at Matsushita is to admit that individual preferences have to be respected much more than before," said Yanaguchi, himself a 32-year veteran of the corporation. "We can no longer try to turn every employee into a company man."

One aspect of the Japanese corporate culture that has proven more resistant to change is the almost complete exclusion of women from the business world. In all, there are about 25 million working women in the country, about 40 per cent of the labor force. But many of those women hold part-time jobs in the retail industry or work for large corporations as "office ladies"—serving tea, answering the phone and greeting male visitors at the elevator. Most leave their jobs when they get married, either because they prefer to remain at home and raise children or because their bosses pressure them to resign. "Normally, women are given very few responsibilities," said Hiroshi Hashimoto, 27, a Toyota spokesman in Tokyo. "That's why companies encourage them to leave after only a few years—if they stayed any longer, they would start to complain."

Another impediment for women who aspire to careers in business is the long-standing tradition in Japan of after-hours socializing. Indeed, Japanese businessmen usually consider it essential to develop personal relationships with potential partners and customers by entertaining them lavishly in expensive bars and private clubs that cater specifically to men. Those establishments typically employ dozens of attractive young women as "hostesses" to sit and flirt with the customers and pour their drinks; the bill for an evening can easily exceed $150 a person. Not surprisingly, female business associates are usually unwelcome on such outings—even though important decisions can be made in the course of an evening.

Despite the obstacles they face, a relatively small number of women do manage to scale the corporate ladder and enter the select ranks of professionals and senior managers. But the achievement often requires substantial personal sacrifice. A 1989 labor



Tetsuo, politicians vow that 'not a single grain' of foreign rice will enter the country

PROTECTING THE FAMILY FARM

To critics of Tokyo's trade strategy, the Japanese rice farmer is a prime offender. Since 1952, Japan has banned all imports of foreign-grown rice, arguing that rice production is an integral part of the nation's culture and that, without protection, the domestic industry would be threatened. But it is an expensive policy: each year, the Japanese government provides more than $6 billion in direct and indirect subsidies to the country's four million rice farmers. Consumers, meanwhile, have to pay an average of $2.50 for a pound of short-grain rice—roughly two or three times the price in Canada.

Umezawa Tetsuo, for one, is a strong supporter of the current system. The 40-year-old farmer earns $32,000 a year from the rice he grows on his four-acre farm—the national average is about three acres—in Shirakomachi, about 60 km southeast of Tokyo. He is also part-owner of a small rice-packing company and leases another four acres of land to grow spinach, cucumbers and other vegetables, bringing his total annual income to about $80,000. "Rice may not make up the largest share of my income, but it's a stable source of money and we rely on it," said Tetsuo, who lives with his wife, Mariko, their two sons and his parents in the two-storey wooden house in which he was born.

For Tetsuo, rice farming is part of a long family tradition. "This land has been in my family for 10 generations," he said. "Naturally, I hope that one of my sons will take it over when I am old. Until then, I will fight to protect my land and my livelihood."

Tetsuo and the rest of the country's rice farmers have an important ally. Leaders of Japan's Liberal Democratic Party (LDP), which has been in power since it was founded in 1955, have vowed repeatedly that "not a single gram" of foreign rice will be allowed into the country. Last March, government officials even forced an American trade group to remove a few bags of U.S. rice from a display at an international food exhibition in Chiba prefecture, near Tokyo. Critics point out that the LDP depends heavily on rural supporters, whose votes are worth three times more than those of urban residents because of an outdated and unequal system of political representation.

Still, some analysts suggest that the LDP's resolve may be weakening. Japan's major trading partners, led by the United States, are pressing the country to lower its barriers for agricultural imports as part of a proposed international trade agreement, currently under negotiation in Geneva. In addition, urban dwellers have become increasingly critical of the prices they are forced to pay for rice and other staple products.

Tetsuo, however, said that he hopes the government continues to protect the industry. "If the rice market is opened up, many farmers will be forced to give up," he insisted. "The Japanese must not forget how much we suffered in the past when there was not enough food to eat." In a country where memories are long and tradition dies hard, it is a powerful argument.

ROSS LAVER *in Tokyo with*
SUVENDRINI KAKUCHI in Shirakomachi



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Swimmers in Tokyo: for many young people, the changes are not coming fast enough

ministry survey of women who reached the level of section head or above in a large company found that 60 per cent were not married and 72 per cent had never changed jobs. In addition, the women interviewed for the survey used, on average, only a quarter of their annual paid vacation days.

Naoe Wakita, 54, is one of those success stories. Since 1988, she has been president of Dentsu Eye Inc., a Tokyo-based marketing firm that specializes in advertisements aimed at women. Wakita says that Japan's 1986 Equal Employment Opportunity Law has helped to increase the number of jobs open to women—but she adds that the progress to date has been painfully slow. "Unfortunately, most women are still not prepared for managerial roles," she said. "From the moment they are born, they are taught how to be subservient to men. And most men know only how to be in charge of women."

A subsidiary of Japan's giant Dentsu Inc. advertising agency, Dentsu Eye has tried to minimize the potential for friction between the sexes by hiring mainly women: only six of its 43 employees are men. But that creates new problems, Wakita says, because about half of her female employees quit as soon as they get married. "It's hard on the company," she added. "But the truth is that many women do not want to work like men—they prefer to sit at home by the window or have fun. It's changing, but only very slowly."

In his own way, Tokyo banker Yoshihara also represents the social forces that are gradually remaking Japan. Born in 1955, he has lived through a period of remarkable economic growth. And now, he says, it is time for Japan to slow down—to savor its success and taste the good life that most North Americans and Western Europeans take for granted. "My number 1 priority is my family," said Yoshihara. "I chose my job not because I love it, but because it gives me time to spend with my wife." Twenty years ago, most Japanese would probably have been appalled to hear such Western-sounding sentiments. The fact that many now accept the inevitability of such attitudes is a measure of just how profoundly Japan is changing.

ROSS LAVER *with* ***MASAKO SHIMIZU*** *in Tokyo*

'I DON'T CARE IF I'M DIFFERENT'

Twenty years ago, Rieko Okutani's goals were similar to those of most Japanese women. Fresh out of university with a law degree, she got a job as a flight attendant with Japan Air Lines—the kind of position that many of her peers could only dream about. Two years later, she left to marry an assistant to a well-known national politician. But contrary to her expectations, Okutani quickly grew tired of being a homemaker. "My husband led a busy life, rarely coming home before midnight," she recalled. "I couldn't stand being trapped within the walls of my house, so I decided that the only solution was to start my own company. My husband opposed me, but I refused to have children with him because I was afraid that it would interfere with my career." Finally, in 1981, Okutani did what few Japanese women at that time would have dared to do: she demanded a divorce.

Now single and 41, she is the founder and president of the R Co. Ltd., an employment agency for women, with offices in Tokyo, Osaka, Hiroshima, Nagoya and Fukuoka. She is also the author of *Living Brilliantly as a Woman*, a popular paperback that offers advice to women who want to establish their own businesses. According to Okutani, Japanese women who seek financial independence face many obstacles. "There is a lot of prejudice against women in the workplace," she said. "In my own case, banks refused to lend me money because I was a woman, so I had to get a loan from my mother. The only people who were willing to help me were other women."

Despite the problems she encountered, Okutani prospered. Her firm now has 55 employees, almost all women. She enjoys frequent trips to New York City, Paris and Milan, wears expensive European fashions and jewelry and lives in a spacious apartment only a five-minute stroll from her company's head office in the Chiyoda-ku district of central Tokyo. "I work like crazy, but it's worth it because I'm rich and independent," Okutani said. "I don't care if I'm different from the rest. For me, happiness means being able to do what I like, instead of bowing down to a husband or society."



ROSS LAVER / MACLEAN'S

Okutani: refusing to bow down to society

Still, Okutani says that there are signs that the traditional rules governing relations between the sexes are beginning to break down. "Japan is still a male-dominated society, but things are changing because of the shortage of labor," she added. "My hope is that Japanese women will eventually become more like Western women—more assertive and less docile."

Okutani added that she might decide to remarry when she is in her 50s—if she finds a man who is willing to treat her as an equal partner. But for the moment, she says, she is in no rush to settle down. "My dream right now is to get my company big enough to enter the stock market," she said. "For the time being, I only want to work towards this goal." If it means sacrificing a husband and a family, then that is a choice that Okutani is clearly prepared to make.

ROSS LAVER *with* ***SUVENDRINI KAKUCHI*** *in Tokyo*

The Company Man

Long hours and hard work are two of the keys to success

Susumu Sato has spent 21 years working for Mitsubishi Heavy Industries Ltd., one of Japan's leading makers of industrial machinery. Now a senior manager in the power-plant engineering department, he earns $88,000 a year and is entitled to 20 days annual vacation. But Sato merely smiles when asked how he likes to spend his four weeks of holidays. "I suppose I could go away for a month with my family," the 42-year-old engineer said between mouthfuls of sushi in his compact, two-bedroom house in a quiet Nagasaki suburb. "But actually, I never take more than five or six days off a year, including sick days. If I took more, my coworkers and customers would start to ask questions about my attitude." A workaholic by Western standards, Sato is a product of the famed Japanese work ethic. Marked by long hours on the job and a powerful sense of duty to colleagues and employers, it has helped to transform Japan in half a century from a poor and defeated Pacific backwater into an overarching global economic superpower.



ITSUKO KAMATA-HANSON

Tokyo commuters: crowded trains are a fact of life for millions of office workers

In Canada and other industrialized countries, Japan's economic track record has inspired equal outpourings of admiration and resentment. Critics charge that the country's huge trade surpluses are the product of a labyrinth of formal and informal import barriers that shield domestic industries from foreign competition. But while protectionist policies and economic nationalism have clearly helped to fuel the country's postwar expansion, they are far from the only factors behind Japan's almost miraculous rise from the ashes of defeat. Workers like Sato, technically skilled, dedicated to his job and willing to make major sacrifices in his private life for the good of his company, are among Japan's most valuable assets in the race to overtake its rivals in the West.

Like most Japanese, Sato has been under pressure to succeed since childhood. Growing up in a suburb of Tokyo, he was urged by his parents to study hard so that he would do well in the rigorously competitive entrance examinations that determine which students gain access to the best high schools and universities. Their encouragement paid off when, at 17, Sato entered the four-year mechanical engineering program at Tokyo University, considered by most Japanese to be the pinnacle of learning. Founded in 1877, six years after Japan's rulers abolished feudalism to remake Japan as a modern state, the university is so revered that the select few who attend it are said to have been awarded a "passport to heaven."

After graduation, Sato received job offers from several of the country's largest manufacturers. He chose to work for Mitsubishi Heavy Industries on the advice of his eldest brother, who several years earlier had joined the staff of Mitsubishi Bank. The two companies are among hundreds of interdependent firms that comprise one of Japan's six giant *keiretsu*—powerful business groupings that figure prominently in almost every facet of the country's economy. Mitsubishi, the largest of those industrial empires, has major interests in real estate, oil, steelmaking, pulp and paper, consumer electronics, satellite communications, insurance and transportation, among other things.

From the moment he joined the company, Sato says, he assumed that he would work for Mitsubishi throughout his career. "Today, some young people like to change jobs frequently," he said. "But 10 or 20 years ago, it was different. People knew that if they went to work for a big company like Mitsubishi, they would probably stay there until they retired. I

feel comfortable with the older system—it makes life very simple." As well, since salaries at most large Japanese companies tend to be based on an employee's number of years of service rather than on individual merit, there is rarely much of a financial incentive for workers to switch jobs.

But the prospect of lifetime job security was only one attraction that Mitsubishi held for Sato. In Japan, an individual's identity and social ranking are closely tied to his employer. As a result, when people introduce themselves they normally give their company's name and their surname only, rather than their first and last names. An individual who is fortunate enough to work for a large, well-known firm usually finds it easier to obtain personal bank loans, gain membership in an exclusive club and even arrange a marriage. Explained Ryozo Yanagiuchi, a senior executive at Osaka-based Matsushita Electric Industrial Co, Ltd.: "If your son was marrying and you knew that his girlfriend's father worked for a big, famous corporation, you'd be very happy. But if the company was not widely known, you'd be uneasy. The guiding principle is that the company is more important than the individual."

In fact, many young Japanese men work such long hours that they rarely have time to socialize with the opposite sex. Instead, they often rely on matchmakers to introduce them to potential mates. Sato was 28 when a friend of the family arranged a brief, formal meeting at Tokyo's central railway station with a 25-year-old student of American literature. Five months later, they were married in a traditional Shinto ceremony.

Sato and his wife, Mayumi, now have three children: two sons, 11 and 9, and a daughter, 6. One of the advantages of living in Nagasaki (population 500,000) is that Sato does not have to travel long distances to and from work on packed commuter trains, an unfortunate fact of life for millions of office workers in the Tokyo area. But although he works only a few kilometres from home, Sato rarely sees his children during the week. By 7:45 a.m., he leaves in his four-door Mitsubishi Gallant—he says that he would prefer a Toyota or Nissan, but only Mitsubishi vehicles are allowed in the company parking lot—for the five-minute drive to the office. Often, he does not return home until 9 or 10 p.m., after the children are asleep. "Sometimes I joke that I am a single parent between Monday and Friday," Mayumi Sato said wryly. "I can't even make plans for the weekend because I never know when my husband is going to have to work."

On the job, Sato has few of the comforts that North American managers of his rank and experience take for granted. His days are spent in a large rectangular office crammed with long rows of identical grey metal desks. As manager of utility boiler design, Sato is entitled to a desk near the window, which overlooks one of his company's shipyards in Nagasaki harbor. But in every other respect, his working conditions are identical to those of the engineers under his supervision. There are no carpets, no partitions and no secluded spaces for employees who want privacy. To save time, he eats lunch at his desk—a Japanese-style boxed meal or *obento*, of sticky rice, vegetables and cooked fish or meat with soy sauce, which his wife prepares for him each morning.

A decade ago, Sato's company sent him to Hartford, Conn., for three months to work with a U.S. engineering firm that had pioneered a new form of boiler technology. He says that he was struck by the contrast between Japanese and North American working conditions. "In a U.S. company, each engineer has his own office or cubicle," he said. "That allows you to work without interruption, but it's very hard to communicate freely with your co-workers. Personally, I think that our system results in a greater sharing of knowledge and higher productivity."

As a result of working in such close proximity, Sato says, he and his co-workers know almost every aspect of one another's private lives. "It's a friendly atmosphere," he added. "In fact, it's essential that we get along well because we spend so many hours together." That closeness extends beyond the office: on weekends, Sato and his colleagues frequently work out together at the company-run health club and attend games played by the company-sponsored semiprofessional baseball team. In the event of injuries at work or play, employees receive free treatment at a fully equipped, company-owned hospital. And when a senior



ROSS LAVER/MACLEAN'S

Sato (standing) with co-workers: willing to make sacrifices in his private life

member of his staff got married last April, Sato was given the honor of introducing the bride and groom at the reception—a common practice among Japanese workers and their bosses. Declared Sato: "It demonstrates that we have a good relationship and can depend on each other." Most of the 150 guests at the wedding, he adds, were Mitsubishi employees and their spouses.

One aspect of the North American business culture that did impress Sato was the comparatively free exchange of ideas and opinions. "A Japanese company is run like an army—there are generals, lieutenants and privates," he said. "The assumption is that the managers know everything and are always correct." By contrast, he says, the businessmen he encountered in the United States "were very frank and honest. If they didn't know the answer to something, they would tell you straight out."

On the other hand, Sato criticizes the North American trend towards shorter working hours and more leisure time. He added that he was surprised during his visit to see engineers leaving for home at 4:30 or 5 p.m. "I noticed that American workers are not very loyal to their companies," he said. "At my company, if we have a problem, all of our engineers will come into the office on their day off to solve it. But Western people are more concerned with their private lives. Compared with us, they are not very diligent."

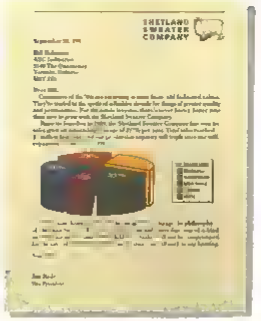
Although he is clearly proud of his country's tradition of self-sacrifice, Sato complains that many younger Japanese—the so-called *shinjinrui*, or new human race—have little appetite for hard work. "In every aspect of our society, we are becoming more Americanized," he said sadly. "Perhaps 10 or 20 years from now, Japanese businessmen will avoid long hours and demand 20 or 30 days of vacation a year. I'm worried about the future." For the moment, however, Sato and his counterparts throughout Japanese industry show no sign of slowing down.

ROSS LAVER *with MASAKO SHIMIZU in Nagasaki*

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A Better Way

A Financial Wave

Tourists and investors are among Japan's hottest new exports

Anne Shirley, the fictional red-haired heroine of *Anne of Green Gables*, lived an enchanted life in the lush countryside of turn-of-the-century Prince Edward Island. Although 83 years have passed since Lucy Maud Montgomery published her celebrated novel, Anne's adventures now stir the imaginations of people half a world away. During the summer, almost 15,000 Japanese tourists visited the island to view the setting for Montgomery's book, which in translation has become a favorite of Japanese women. Their Canadian hosts have discovered that Japanese travellers not only buy souvenirs—they sometimes buy or establish businesses. Former Osaka resident Teruyo Kamikawa, who runs the Blue Winds Tea Room near Montgomery's birthplace in New London, explained: "We came here on vacation five years ago and were inspired to start our own business. Now, many Japanese are coming." The tourists who flock to Prince Edward Island are part of a wave of Japanese travellers and investors that is growing larger each year.

More than 470,000 Japanese visited Canada in 1990, compared with 175,000 in 1985. More significantly, the Asian nation's direct investment in Canada surged tenfold to $3.6 billion in 1988, from $336 million in 1977. Over the past five years, two blue-chip Japanese business groups have toured Canada and declared it a profitable destination for future investment. Said Susumu Eto, president of Toronto-based Mitsubishi Canada Ltd.: "There is a lot that we will be able to do in Canada."

Almost every province and industry feels the impact of Japan's growing role in the Canadian economy. In Nova Scotia, Mitsui Corp. of Canada is building a $400-million electrical generating station, creating 500 temporary construction jobs. In Alberta, Mitsubishi is constructing a $1.3-billion pulp-and-paper mill that will require 1,300 employees. And in southeastern British Columbia, Japanese investors are preparing to develop a $250-million ski resort, giving work to as many as 120 people.

Although Japan's major trading companies, the so-called *sogo shosha*, are doing business on a large scale in Canada, smaller entrepreneurs have relocated for different reasons. Said Kamikawa, who worked in a pharmaceutical lab before emigrating: "I knew and dreamed of Anne's home place because of all the Anne books we read in Japan. It was my dream to live in such a place." In 1987, Kamikawa and her husband, Masayuki, moved to Prince Edward Island and began working as guides for Japanese tourists. Said Teruyo Kamikawa: "When we settled here, it was perfect."

Mitsubishi's Eto, for one, said that some Japanese companies prefer to invest in Canada rather than the United States because they sense that Canadians are less resentful



Tourists in Banff, Alta.: a new wave

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of Japan's accelerating economic success. Said Eto, "Japanese investment has increased quite rapidly in Canada without conflicts. It really demonstrates the difference between the relationship between the United States and Japan, and Canada and Japan." The federal government clearly hopes to build on that friendly relationship, and last May appointed former Alberta premier Peter Lougheed to head a group that is responsible for trying to strengthen Canada's trade ties with Japan. Said Lougheed: "We have to diversify our economy, and the Japanese are the leaders in Asia."

Many of the large Japanese firms that have opened subsidiaries in Canada are operating in the resource sector, shipping raw products such as coal and logs back to their home market. As a result, Eto said, most have not been affected by the 1989 Canada-U.S. Free Trade Agreement, which was designed to improve the flow of goods and services within North America. But he added that a growing number of Japanese companies are pursuing joint ventures with Canadian manufacturers on the assumption that the FTA will increase the flow of cross-border trade. Said Eto: "We hope there will be opportunities because we have been struggling to get involved in transborder trade."



DAN CALLIS

Masayuki and Teruyo Kamikawa: 'Now, many Japanese are coming'

Eto and Mitsui Canada Co. president Shichiro Saito are typical of the executives who oversee Japan's growing list of industrial assets in Canada. Both were teenagers when the Americans dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. They graduated from university and entered the workforce in the mid-1950s, just as Japan was digging out from under the rubble of war.

Top executives like Eto and Saito are frequently rotated among the major financial capitals of the world. Eto, who took up his new position in Toronto in September, said that he was startled both by the divisive political debate in Canada and by the contentious labor atmosphere. When he arrived, the country was embroiled in a series of rotating postal walkouts. That dispute was followed by a strike by the Public Service Alliance of Canada.

Muneaki Nishida, head of the Toronto branch of the Japanese External Trade Organization, said that some Japanese executives are also concerned about proposed legislation that would give more power to organized labor in Ontario. Mitsui's Saito said that although Canadians enjoy a high quality of life, labor costs and taxes in this country are too high by world standards.

In Japan, big corporations normally buy a large percentage of their supplies from associated companies in a closed circle of investment

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flows. That makes it difficult for Canadian companies to obtain major contracts with the *sogo shosha*. When Mitsui, the largest Japanese firm operating in Canada, won the right to expand the Lingan, N.S., power station, it asked one of its sister companies, Toshiba Corp., to supply generators for the project. Similarly, the giant $1.3-billion pulp mill that Mitsubishi is building in northern Alberta will contain the latest Japanese pollution-control equipment, rather than employing Canadian technology.

But the tendency of Japanese firms to buy from related companies may slowly be changing in response to foreign criticism. Arthur Hara, the Canadian-born chairman of Mitsubishi Canada, said that his company intends to purchase more goods and services locally. He added that Mitsubishi's long-term goal is to "Canadianize" the company's operations in this country by "drawing Canadians into the senior ranks."

Hara added that another emerging trend in Japan may have a positive impact on Canada's economic development. Japan is investing so heavily in new manufacturing capacity domestically that the country now faces a severe shortage of workers, including engineers. To combat the shortfall, Hara said, Japan may have to shift production to countries with skilled labor forces, including Canada. Said Hara: "This is definitely a trend—and Canada should capitalize on it."

While the Japanese are making major industrial investments in Canada, they have also channelled millions of dollars into Canadian tourism. Travelling most often in large groups, Japanese tourists tend to stay in the best hotels and spend an average of $180 a day, compared with $74 by German tourists. In Banff, Alta., Japanese companies have already purchased three large hotels, including the Banff Park Lodge and Inns of the Banff Park. "Japanese tourists feel protected in Canada," said Joseph Jansen, general manager of the Banff-Lake Louise Chamber of Commerce. "They hear stories about U.S. cities, and they feel Canada is a safe destination."

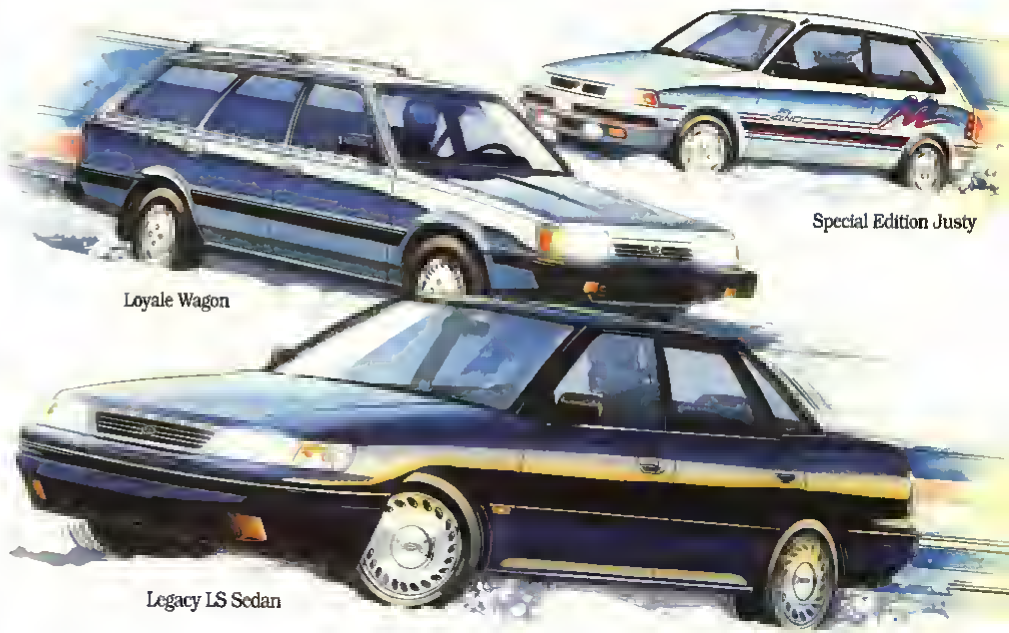
Miho Toyoda, who is spending a year touring the country, is at the vanguard of a new wave of Japanese travellers, younger and more independent than their predecessors. Dressed in stylish brown shoes and tie-dyed jeans, she is dwarfed by the baronial Banff Springs Hotel behind her. "I am by myself," she says proudly. "I love these mountains and the people."

To date, there has been little, if any, discernible backlash against the rising Japanese profile in Canada. "We should welcome all Japanese investment," said Vancouver industrial tycoon Jim Pattison. "Their interest is terrific, tremendous." Across the country, recession-weary Canadians would likely agree with Pattison's view.

TOM FENNELL *with* *BARBARA MacANDREW in Charlottetown, JONH DeMONT in Halifax, JOHN HOWSE in Banff and JOHN PIFER in Vancouver*

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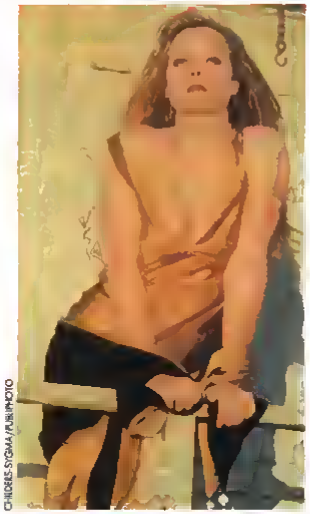
IN THE LINE OF FIRE

In his new book, *Under Fire*, Oliver North writes that Ronald Reagan knew about the Iran-contra affair. He concedes that he has no proof, but the former marine told *Maclean's*: "It just seems to me convincing that he not only knew, but that he approved." North defended his role in the affair, in which he helped divert money from arms sales to Iran to Nicaraguan rebels: "What I am is a person who tried to serve his country." And he dismissed rumors that he may run for the Senate. Declared North, 48: "The thought of having to refer to Senator Ted Kennedy as 'Dear colleague' is revolting."



PETER BREGG/MACLEAN'S

North: arms sales and revolting thoughts



CHLOE'S SYDAH/FUJIPHOTO

A brutal dose of realism

Last year's box-office smash *Pretty Woman* featured Julia Roberts as a Hollywood prostitute who finds true love with a client. Now, in a new movie, *Whore*, actress **Theresa Russell** also plays a Hollywood hooker. But according to the 34-year-old Russell, the similarities end there. Indeed, the actress noted that *Whore*, with its brutal depictions of a gang rape and a violent murder, does not romanticize prostitution in the way that *Pretty Woman* did. Declared Russell, who lives in London: "And it's not just *Pretty Woman*. That's how prostitutes have been played for ages." She added: "It's good to have *Whore* as an antidote."

Russell: a good antidote

Mixing it up

English-born guitarist **Liona Boyd**'s latest album, *Dancing on the Edge*, is a fusion of medieval music, flamenco and jazz. Said Boyd: "I like to be experimental." She also sings on the album, her 18th—but not solo. Boyd, who wrote the lyrics for two songs, *We're Only Children* and *Days of Love and Innocence*, said that she enlisted three vocalists for backup. Said Boyd, 41, who is planning a Canadian tour in February: "I kind of chickened out. I'm not really a singer, so I surrounded myself with people who are." She added: "My talent lies more in my fingers than in my vocal cords."



ROBERT CANAPRESS

Boyd: where the talent lies

BROTHERLY LOVE

Pop star Michael Jackson's last album was called* Bad. *Now, his older brother, singer Jermaine Jackson, has released a controversial new single called* Word to the Badd!! *And it makes critical references to Michael's alleged plastic surgery and skin-lightening. Sample lyrics: "Once you were made/You changed your shade/Was your color wrong/Could not turn back/You were too far gone." Although Michael Jackson has not commented on the song, his brother insists that the real issue is not race. He added that he is only trying to reach out to Michael, 33, who became estranged from his family in 1988. Declared Jermaine Jackson, 36: "The point is that Michael lost touch with reality. My song is an attempt to heal our relationship."

Finding fame in China

Mark Rowswell, 26, is becoming the most popular Canadian in China since Dr. Norman Bethune. Only three years ago, the Ottawa-born Rowswell was a student learning Mandarin at Beijing University. Then, recruiters from Chinese state TV asked him to appear on a variety show. He played a henpecked Beijinger named Da Shan, or Big Mountain, whose proficient Chinese delighted audiences. Indeed, Rowswell became an overnight comedy sensation on Chinese TV. Recalled Rowswell, who, with his blond hair and six-foot frame, easily stands out: "This show had an audience of 550 million. The next day, I went out and everyone was yelling, 'Da Shan! Da Shan!' " He added: "In Canada, it's not strange to see an Oriental speaking English, but for the Chinese it is really quite special to see a foreigner speaking good Chinese."



Rowswell: 'quite special'



OPENS FRIDAY NOVEMBER 15TH AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE



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CANADA

Letter from Steinbach, Man.

THE STRAIGHT GOODS

It was a discouraging week for Ottawa's constitutional strategists. Quebec's minister of intergovernmental affairs, Gil Rémillard, went well beyond any previous Quebec government criticism of the federal government's new 28-point constitutional proposals and declared them "unacceptable." Premier Robert Bourassa then confirmed that while Quebec is still committed to negotiating an agreement, the proposals as written are incomplete and not acceptable. And in Manitoba, Ottawa's unity committee, charged with hearing Canadians' views on the new proposals, teetered on the verge of collapse after unproductive meetings in Winnipeg and surrounding communities that were poorly publicized and poorly attended. Its Conservative co-leaders, Winnipeg South MP Dorothy Dobbie and Quebec Senator Claude Castonguay, returned to Ottawa for an emergency meeting with Constitutional Affairs Minister Joe Clark. Opposition members on the committee blamed Dobbie for the confusion and called for her resignation. But Maclean's *Ottawa bureau correspondent Nancy Wood found in Manitoba that the Tories' biggest challenges on the constitutional front may be weariness with the issue—and a deep hostility towards the federal government. Her report*

The pickup truck rolled along streets bordered with snow from the season's first storm. Behind the wheel, Daniel Dyck, 33, talked about his preoccupations—and the constitutional debate was not among them. Over the past months, as the faltering economy brought housing construction to a virtual standstill, sales plummeted at Jodana's Kitchen & Bath Studio, Dyck's kitchen-cabinet and bathroom-accessories store in Steinbach, Man., 65 km southeast of Winnipeg. With his income diminished, Dyck took on a second job last month as a commissioned salesman at a local furniture outlet. Overall, he said, Steinbach, with a population of 10,000, continues to enjoy a fairly healthy economy because it serves customers from a large area of southeastern Manitoba's farms and villages—even some Winnipeggers who prefer small-town service. But, added Dyck, "It is tough. Every deal is just a grind."

Those immediate concerns leave him with little time—or inclination—to discuss the Constitution. Said Dyck: "I really don't care about that kind of stuff." Then, staring out at the grey sky, he corrected himself: "That's not really true. I care tremendously about our country—but I'm not one to get involved with this sort of thing." The economy, the weather, even murder—all have served to divert local attention from constitutional affairs. Many residents of Steinbach and the surrounding area were particularly shaken by the shooting death in late September of Harry Paley, a farmer in nearby Pansy. Police charged two adolescents with the crime—as stories swirled through the community that the shooting had been motivated by satanism and drugs. Although police quickly discounted those rumors, the crime clearly jarred sensibilities in the normally peaceful corner of Manitoba.

Even without such violent distractions, Steinbach Mayor Ernest Friesen, 74, seemed to be speaking for many Manitobans when he addressed the constitutional committee at a sparsely attended meeting last week in the town's legion hall. Declared Friesen, who apologized for speaking off-the-cuff because of the short notice the town had of the committee's visit: "I've got other things more important to do—such as running a good town."

Events later in the day in tiny St. Pierre-Jolys, 30 km east of Steinbach, confirmed the lack of local interest. As the clouds in the white sky over southern Manitoba blended with the blowing snow just above the flat farm fields, the bus carrying the committee members pulled to a stop in front of the town's museum. There, Castonguay and his colleagues trooped into the basement room set aside for the meeting—only to stare dispiritedly at row upon row of empty chairs. Not a single member of the public attended. As committee members milled around in confusion, Mayor Gérald Fontaine murmured embarrassed apologies before Castonguay brought the exercise to a close.

GERARD KWIATKOWSKI

In the museum's drafty kitchen, still wearing her hat to help ward off the cold, Annette Hébert watched the committee's confusion with sympathy—and some amusement. As a local volunteer and widow "with time on my hands," she explained in French, she had been called in from her home in neighboring Otterburne to open up the museum for the hearing. As busy-looking committee staff members in long overcoats swept past her to use the kitchen telephone, Hébert noted that she could not really blame her fellow Manitobans for their lethargic response to the federal government's initiatives. For one thing, she said, the St. Pierre-Jolys meeting had been mentioned only once in the newspaper—while most local people were digging out from the snowstorm. But it was clear that even without the snow, the committee may have received a less than enthusiastic response. Declared the 84-year-old retired shopkeeper: "I am so tired of hearing people talk about the Constitution. I think it is ridiculous. Why do we have such babies in charge of our country?"

Among some Manitobans, that refrain was tinged with anger and resentment. In a meeting hall in St. Boniface, just east of Winnipeg, speakers ignored the actual constitutional proposals to concentrate on their hostility towards Ottawa. Gunther Grosskamper, a currently unemployed management consultant who once ran unsuccessfully as a provincial Liberal candidate, stood up to declare that he could no longer stomach the Conservative government. Said Grosskamper: "I don't know how the Conservatives think they can fool us into dealing with the Constitution when it is the economy that concerns us—how we're going to feed our family."

Winnipeg lawyer Peter Sim complained that the committee's evident disorganization did not inspire confidence—and instead reinforced his belief that the federal government does not really care about public input. "I would like to attribute some of these problems to confusion, but I find it hard," Sim said. Instead, he added, Ottawa is only "pretending" to listen.

Still, some Manitobans commented pointedly on the Constitution itself. At the committee meeting in Steinbach's legion hall, Mayor Friesen told the senators and MPs that Canada could learn a valuable lesson from his town and the surrounding communities. German and Dutch Mennonites, francophones, anglophones and Eastern European settlers all get along, Friesen declared. "Southeastern Manitoba is the perfect example of what a melting pot should be," the mayor said. "Take this back to Ottawa: 'Let's be one Canada.' If you want a good example of getting along together, look at us. Let's forget all our petty differences."

Outside, the wind picked up and the snow drifted across the streets of Steinbach. Politicians and local residents bundled into their coats and stepped out into the harsh reality of a Canadian winter. On the bus, committee member Ronald Duhamel, Liberal MP for St. Boniface, stared out at the snow-swept fields and declared: "You can freeze in two minutes out there. I tell you, if we had the last meeting of the Constitution committee in a field in winter, we'd have an agreement in short order." The remark drew laughter. But the committee's ability to organize even such a simple event seemed in doubt last week. □

National Notes

RESTRICTING FIREARMS
A Conservative government bill that would make it harder to obtain firearms and would ban large ammunition clips passed a Commons vote by an overwhelming margin. But gun-control advocates promised to press for amendments to strengthen the bill, which is now before the Senate, while opponents said that they would continue to fight it.

TAKING A STAND
In reaction to the Sept. 30 military coup in Haiti that overthrew popularly elected President Jean-Bertrand Aristide, External Affairs Minister Barbara McDougall announced the implementation of wide-ranging sanctions against the impoverished Caribbean nation, including a ban on Canadian exports apart from food for humanitarian assistance.

CLARK'S WINNING WAY
According to the results of an Angus Reid Group poll, the federal Conservatives could win the next election if Constitutional Affairs Minister Joe Clark led the party instead of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney. Under Clark, the Tories would get the support of 32 per cent of respondents, compared with 29 per cent for the Liberals and 22 for the NDP. But with Mulroney's current leadership, the poll said, the Tories are running third with 15 per cent, well behind the Liberals, with 34 per cent, and the NDP, with 29 per cent.

HARCOURT TAKES OVER
B.C. NDP Premier Michael Harcourt and his new 18-member cabinet were sworn in during a gala ceremony held at the University of Victoria, instead of the traditional surroundings of B.C. Government House. Harcourt, who defeated the ruling Socreds on Oct. 17, appointed a cabinet that includes seven women—a record for the province.

PROTECTION FOR WOMEN
Mary Collins, the federal minister responsible for the status of women, outlined plans for a public education campaign aimed at preventing violence against women. The measure was a response to a report titled "The war against women" that a Commons committee studying violence against women submitted in June.

LEGERE APPEALS
Lawyers for Allan Legere launched an appeal after a jury found him guilty of four gruesome 1989 murders in New Brunswick. Legere, convicted largely on the basis of genetic evidence tying him to the crimes, was sentenced to life in prison.

BUSH'S WAKE-UP CALL

VOTERS ANGRY OVER ECONOMIC ISSUES SEND A CLEAR MESSAGE IN OFF-YEAR ELECTIONS

From the northeast to the Pacific coast and into the Deep South, the sounds of electoral discontent rang out last week in decisions that elected mayors, governors, U.S. representatives and a lone U.S. senator. The cranky mood also surfaced on several referendum votes. At the White House before he left for a NATO meeting, President George Bush reeled from the defeat of one of his former cabinet allies. Democrats rejoiced at gains, but also confronted the angry wrath of voters. A sample of key races.

★ ★ ★

In Pennsylvania, the Republicans thought that they had a winner. Richard Thornburgh, who resigned as U.S. attorney general on Aug. 9 to run in the only Senate election this year, traded on his reputation as the state's popular two-term governor from 1979 to 1987. At the start of the race, he enjoyed a commanding 44-point lead over his liberal Democratic rival, Harris Wofford. But Thornburgh, 59, saw that advantage quickly disappear as Wofford, 65, successfully portrayed himself as the anti-establishment candidate who favored tax cuts and a national health insurance system. In a late attempt to salvage his campaign, Thornburgh lashed out at his opponent's key plank by denouncing "Canada's failed health-care system." In a 60-second radio advertisement, Thornburgh claimed: "Canadians have died because they were forced to wait their turn for surgery." But the bitter last-minute attack failed to sway Pennsylvania voters, who elected a Democrat to the Senate for the first time in nearly 30 years.

The next day, Bush told reporters that he was "depressed" by Thornburgh's defeat. The President made two campaign appearances on behalf of Thornburgh, who had been a member of Bush's cabinet. Analysts pointed to his rout as a strong signal of voter discontent about an unfocused domestic agenda at the Oval Office. And they warned that the outsider-underdog campaign by Wofford, an aide of President John F. Kennedy's in the 1960s, may be a crucial way to attack Bush in his re-election bid in 1992. The savvy strategist behind the Wofford campaign, James Carville, insists that the Democrats should challenge Bush by tapping into seething public resentment against government. The President got the message: last week, he postponed a long-scheduled Asian trip to deal with domestic matters.

Wofford was appointed to the Senate after wealthy Republican John Heinz, the ketchup and pickle heir, died in a plane crash last April. In the campaign, he closed the yawning gap against Thornburgh with his intense populist message, painting the Republican as a Washington insider. He alleged that, as attorney general, Thornburgh bungled the justice department's investigation of the troubled Bank of Credit and Commerce International and mishandled the multibillion-dollar collapse of the U.S. savings and loan system. Wofford, a former civil-rights leader, founding member of the Peace Corps and college president, was able to portray Thornburgh as a patrician who favored the rich. And in a state with a 6.5-per-cent unemployment rate, Wofford criticized the North American free trade talks among the United States, Canada and Mexico as a drain on scarce jobs.

But Wofford struck his most responsive chord, in a state where more than 15 per cent of the population is over 65, with his appeal for universal health care. At a news conference in Washington last week, the Democrat declared: "I am the messenger of a message that came through strong and clear."

In other key elections, Republicans rode a tide of anti-tax resentment to gain control of both houses of the New Jersey state legislature for the first time in 20 years. The Republicans pledged to roll back about $622 million of an unpopular $3.2-billion tax package signed last year by Democratic Gov. James Florio.

In the South, however, Republicans suffered a humiliating loss in the Kentucky governor's race to Democratic Lt.-Gov. Brereton Jones. The Republican candidate, seven-term U.S. congressman Larry Hopkins, got adverse publicity when the House of Representatives bank revealed that he and several other members had written bad cheques. But the Republicans won handsomely in the only other governor's race, in Mississippi, where Democratic incumbent Raymond Mabus lost to conservative businessman Kirk Fordice, who fought a bitter campaign against racial hiring quotas. Fordice, Mississippi's first Republican governor since 1874, exploited the same racial undercurrents that former Ku Klux Klan leader David Duke is mining in next-door Louisiana in his bid for the governorship in an election on Nov. 16.

In another twist in the off-year election battles, Salt Lake City spurned one of its stereotypes as a city run by Mormon men to embrace Democrat Deedee Corradini as its first woman mayor. The 47-year-old management consultant defeated David Buhler, 34, the state director of commerce, who is a Mormon and a Republican. Corradini chided voters on the campaign hustings by saying, "Don't vote for me because I'm a woman, but because I'm qualified." She added: "But if you think my being a woman is a bonus—great." Analysts said that that rejoinder may echo through the election campaigns next year as women attempt to scale the male fortresses in the 100-member Senate, whose rolls have only two females, and the House of Representatives, with 29 women out of 435 members.

At the same time, voters across the country signalled their frustration over a number of issues. In Washington, where there have already been 409 murders this year, 77 per cent of voters favored a measure that would make dealers and manufacturers of assault weapons liable for injuries caused by the guns. In another controversial referendum, voters in Washington state opposed the legalization of euthanasia by a narrow margin of eight per cent. The measure would have allowed doctors for the first time to help terminally ill patients to die.

Another contentious measure that died on the ballot in Washington would, if ruled constitutional, have limited elected officials at the state and federal levels to two terms—and done so retroactively. But only 46 per cent voted for the measure, which would have required the resignation of popular House Speaker Thomas Foley, who is now serving his 14th term in Congress. Declared an outraged Foley before the vote: "It is flat-out unconstitutional." But both sides agreed that a warning shot had been fired across incumbents' bows. Said Washington state cabinet member Ralph Munro: "People are sick of the system. People are not happy."

That is a message that both Republicans and Democrats said that they heard clearly last week. And with just 12 months left before the 1992 elections, an angry electorate appears poised to set the tone of the coming campaign.

HILARY MACKENZIE *in Washington with* **JENNIFER GOULD** *in Philadelphia*



Wofford (second from left) at victory rally: demanding national health care

Corradini: breakthrough



BRANT/DESERET NEWS

World Notes

NEW-AGE DEFENCE

Meeting in Rome more than four decades after the founding of their alliance, leaders of the 16-member North Atlantic Treaty Organization unveiled a new post-Cold War strategy that emphasizes co-operation with their former opposite numbers in the now-defunct Warsaw Pact. According to the strategy, scaled-down U.S. forces will still be needed in Europe, and instability in the Soviet Union and the Middle East will continue to threaten security. But the strategy makes no provision for military action beyond the borders of NATO's members.

RETURN OF AN EXILE

After nearly six years in exile in the United States, Imelda Marcos returned to the Philippines and surrendered to authorities. The government has accused the former first lady and her husband, president Ferdinand Marcos, who died in exile in 1989, of stealing up to $10 billion from the impoverished nation before a popular revolution swept them from power in 1986. Freed on bail, Marcos travelled to her home province of Leyte after a devastating tropical storm lashed the central Philippines, killing thousands.

A NEW SPY CHIEF

The U.S. Senate voted 64 to 31 to confirm 48-year-old Robert Gates as the 15th director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Gates's confirmation took place despite questions about his role in the 1985 Iran-contra arms-for-hostages scandal and allegations that, as a senior CIA official, he had slanted intelligence reports to support then-President Ronald Reagan's hard-line Cold War policies.

PERILOUS PEACE TALKS

Israel launched a new settlement for 70 Soviet immigrants in the disputed Golan Heights—land captured from Syria in 1967. U.S. Secretary of State James Baker said that the action, initiated a day after a historic first round of Arab-Israeli peace talks ended in Madrid, was unlikely to "help the negotiating process."

CEASELESS FIRE

Prime Minister Brian Mulroney announced trade sanctions against Yugoslavia, saying that the war-torn country's federal army is "completely out of control." That move came after the European Community imposed wide-ranging economic sanctions on Yugoslavia, and called on the UN Security Council to impose an oil embargo. But fighting between pro-Serbian federal forces and the breakaway republic of Croatia continued unabated.

A TYCOON'S LEGACY

THE DEATH OF ROBERT MAXWELL WAS AS DRAMATIC AND MYSTERIOUS AS MOST OF HIS LIFE HAD BEEN

In the last week of July, 1940, a British troopship carrying Allied soldiers fleeing Nazi-occupied Europe docked in the port of Liverpool. Among those aboard was Jan Ludwig Hoch, a skinny Czech private who had turned 17 just six weeks earlier. He spoke no English and owned only his rifle and army uniform. He was not even using his own name, but had adopted the pseudonym Ivan du Maurier from the brand of cigarettes he smoked. When he died in mysterious circumstances last week at 68, the obscure soldier had become famous under yet another adopted name: Robert Maxwell. And the manner of his death was as dramatic as much of his life. Maxwell apparently suffered a heart attack and fell overboard from his 180-foot luxury yacht, the Lady Ghislaine, the most visible symbol of his $2-billion empire and the flamboyant way he used it.

Maxwell's death shocked the communications world and shook his global business empire, a complex wab of interests thet includes publishing houses, printers and newspapers in countries around the world, including Canada. Even before his death, investors had expressed concern thet Maxwell's companies were weighed down by the enormous debt load that they had taken on to acquire such properties as the American publishing giant Macmillan Inc. Two of his three sons, Kevin, 32, and Ian, 35, immediately took over as chairmen of their family's two main companies, the flagship Maxwell Communication Corp. (MCC) and Britain's Mirror Group Newspapers, respectively, and moved to reassure the markets. Said Kevin Maxwell, described by analysts as the shrewdest of the brothers: "We are getting on with business as usual."

Still, Robert Maxwell's highly personal, driven style of management almost guaranteed that his empire would suffer a crisis when he was no longer in charge. He involved himself in nearly every aspect of his companies, often dictating changes in newspaper editorials or firing employees on the spot for failing to meet his exacting standards. Legends about Maxwell abounded, fed by his talent for self-dramatization and his eccentric personal style. He was physically huge—about 290 lb.—but was so compulsively active that one of his nicknames was "the bouncing Czech." At his office in central London, secretaries and helicopter pilots were kept on 24-hour standby in case Maxwell wanted to dictate a letter or fly off to a meeting in the middle of the night. When his helicopter touched down on the landing pad on top of his headquarters, Maxwell House, a common expression among his employees was "The ego has landed."

One of the most obvious symbols of Maxwell's ego—his critics called it megalomania—was the yacht from which he disappeared last week about 30 miles south of the Canary Islands. The 430-ton Lady Ghislaine, which Maxwell named after the youngest of his four daughters, is a $24-million combination refuge and floating office, complete with satellite links that enabled its owner to conduct his worldwide business from its well-upholstered quarters. At 11 a.m. on Nov. 5, the captain of the ship's 13-member crew discovered that Maxwell, the only passenger, was missing and he alerted Spanish rescue workers.

Eight hours later, the tycoon's naked body was recovered from the Atlantic Ocean. Early speculation that Maxwell might have committed suicide because of business pressures was dampened when Spanish Judge Luis Gutierrez Sanjuan, who is handling the investigation of the death, said that initial autopsy results indicated that Maxwell had suffered a heart attack and died before falling into the sea. The family planned to bury Maxwell's body, which was embalmed following the coroner's report, in Jerusalem.

Even wilder speculation centred on the possibility thet Maxwell might have been murdered. Late last month, U.S. author Seymour Hersh claimed in his new book, *The Samson Option*, that Maxwell had close ties to the Israeli spy agency Mossad, and had arranged arms deals for Israel (page 81). Maxwell flatly denied the allegations and sued Hersh for libel.

Maxwell's biographers traced his boundless appetite for money and power to his origins in the extreme poverty of Eastern Eurppe. He was born into a Hasidic Jewish family in a village in esstern Czechoslovakia that was later incorporated into the Soviet Union. Most of his immediate family, including his mother, died in Nazi concentration camps. But in 1939, at 16, Maxwell left his village and made his way west, where he joined a Czech volunteer force and later escaped on the troopship to England.

After the Second World War, Maxwell used a chance meeting with the German publisher Ferdinand Springer to build Pergamon Press into a successful scientific publishing company by obtaining the rights to the works of German scientists. But he always hungered for fame and power as well as money. He served as a Labour member of Parliament from 1964 to 1970, but failed in several bids to buy a major British newspaper. He finally succeeded in 1984, when he acquired the Mirror Group, publishers of the tabloid *Daily Mirror* and several other titles. Last year, he launched *The European*, a weekly specializing in European affairs, and last March, he bought the New York City *Daily News* just three days before its owners, Tribune Co., had planned to shut the tabloid down because of a five-month-old strike.

In Canada, Maxwell's holdings are managed by MGN Investments Canada, a subsidiary of the Mirror Group, which has a 49-per-cent stake in Mircor Inc. Mircor in turn owns 54 per cent of Donohue Inc., a Quebec City pulp-and-paper company. Maxwell's partner in Mircor, Quebecor Inc. president Pierre Péladeau, said last week that he, for one, would like to have more partners like the British tycoon. "He was such a straightforward man," said Péladeau, who with Maxwell in 1988 started the *Montreal Daily News*, which folded two years later. "With him, a deal was done then and there."

Maxwell's deal-making built up MCC's debt load to crushing levels, but in recent weeks the company had sold off several properties and reduced its debt to $2.8 billion. Analysts said that investor jitters over how MCC will deal with that burden were responsible for last week's plunge in the value of its shares, to $1.38 at week's end from $2.81. In contrast, shares in Mirror Group shot up to $2.23 from $1.56, reflecting the company's smaller debt load as wall as the end of what analysts called the "Max factor," the unpredictable influence of Maxwell himself. "Investors were wary of Maxwell's very interventionist style," said William Grantham, editorial director of *European Media Business & Finance*, an industry newsletter. "Now, they will look more closely at the fundamentals of the company, which are strong."

While Robert Maxwell was alive, his sons worked in the shadow of their powerful father. But analysts who watch the Maxwell companies closely said last week that the publisher had been conscious of the need to assure a smonth succession and had groomed both Kevin and Ian Maxwell in the intricacies of his business dealings. (A third son, Phillip, 40, is a physicist.) Said Grantham: "They are both highly regarded in the industry." Last week, Kevin and Ian Maxwell were busy assuring their bankers and investors that they could keep their father's far-flung empire alive. And they made it clear that they will bring a markedly different approach to running the businesses. Ian Maxwell noted thet the first thing he did when he took over Macmillan on behalf of his father was to sell the company helicopter. Without Robert Maxwell at the helm, the empire will clearly have to depend on substance, not style.

ANDREW PHILLIPS *in London with* ***DEIRDRE McMURDY*** *in Toronto*



Maxwell at a 1989 costume party with Elizabeth Taylor: helicopter pilots kept on 24-hour standby

Business Notes

TUMBLING RATES

Responding to a strong Canadian dollar, signs of persistent economic weakness and interest-rate cuts in the United States, the Bank of Canada lowered its trendsetting rate for the ninth week in a row, to 7.73 per cent from 8.04 per cent. The bank acted two days after several major banks and trust companies had already cut their home-mortgage rates by at least half a percentage point.

MIXED SIGNALS

Statistics Canada released figures that point towards continued—but weak—economic growth. The agency's index of 10 economic indicators, which includes appliance sales and manufacturing shipments, rose by one per cent in August, the fifth monthly increase in a row. Two weeks ago, the agency raised concerns that the economy might slide back into a recession when it announced that the gross domestic product shrank by 0.3 per cent in August, the first decrease since March.

GST CROSS FIRE

Denouncing Ottawa's new seven-per-cent Goods and Services Tax as a "national tragedy," the Canadian Federation of Independent Business released a study claiming that it will cost businesses almost $10 billion this year to implement and administer the tax. But federal Revenue Minister Otto Jelinek said that the survey of 25,362 companies was unscientific, and he added that the government has on plans to alter or remove the tax.

GM TAKES A DIVE

Even though General Motors of Canada Ltd. introduced a record number of new models for the first month of the 1992 model year, the company's new-car and truck sales plummeted by 36 per cent in October, compared with the same month last year. GM blamed the slow economy and production delays for the drop. But Ford Motor Co. of Canada Ltd. and Chrysler Canada Ltd. both posted one-per-cent increases in car sales, and several foreign-owned manufacturers reported even larger gains.

BOUND FOR A LOSS

Canadian Pacific Ltd., the giant Montreal-based transportation, resources and communications conglomerate, appears likely to lose money this year for only the third time in the 20th century. The company reported a $51.8-million third-quarter loss on revenues of $2.5 billion. Company executives said that they see on signs of any improvement before year's end.



Five characters who found their authors

BY PETER C NEWMAN

Jennifer Wells writes with the authority of Murray Pezim's resident shrink, as she describes his need to be loved—at any cost

As well as some of the general business books reviewed in this space last week, the current publishing season offers at least half a dozen fascinating insights into the most compelling of Canada's moneymen.

In *The Pez*, Jennifer Wells paints a compelling profile of Murray Pezim, the Vancouver-based wheeler-dealer who, despite his many run-ins with regulatory authorities, continues to astound his friends and confound his enemies by remaining an important player. "The stock ticker is his soul," she writes. "Money has become Pezim's touchstone for everything in life—for happiness, success, intimacy. Over time he seemed to have sloughed off his ability to feel deeply, his capacity to love."

That's the essence of *The Pez*, whether he's trading shares or pursuing "booze, broads and baloney." The baloney usually involves planning some elaborate practical joke on one of his business buddies, seducing nubile young women or selling shares in his own companies, while apparently urging others to buy them—and nearly always coming out ahead in the process.

Wells writes with the authority of having temporarily become Pezim's resident shrink, as she describes his bouts of melancholia, electroshock therapy and desperate need to be loved, no matter how much it may cost him. Her description of how he cajoles his women into submitting themselves to "nose jobs, teeth jobs, boob jobs and starvation dieting" is startling—particularly considering the magnitude of the Pez's own schnoz and the bizarre proportions of his lumpily distributed 210-lb. body. "I love women," he confesses, "just cuddling and holding them. They're so soft and tender."

A very different West Coast promoter is Peter Thomas, the self-made supersalesman who in 1989 turned a profit of $26 million selling his majority share of the Canadian Century 21 real estate firm. In his oddly titled autobiography, *Never Fight with a Pig*, Thomas sets out his business philosophy: "Freedom is the absence of necessity, coercion or constraint in choice or action. Total freedom requires absolute discipline." He plans every minute of every day, whether it's when he'll decide to buy his next new car (he has owned more than 250) or how he'll finance his latest condo deal in Texas.

The strength of the book is that Thomas's personal operational code may well be useful in helping ambitious neophytes become successful entrepreneurs—even when he's describing what not to do. Thomas retraces how he and his then-partner, Nelson Skalbania, nearly lost everything in the 1981 recession by accumulating a personal debt load of $30 million. "Nelson and I thought we were invincible," he writes. "Ours was a classic case of the King Arthur Syndrome." The pair didn't do their homework, took no advice and were overtaken with ambition, ego and greed.

The ultimate carrier of the King Arthur virus was, of course, Robert Campeau. John Rothchild's *Going for Broke* describes in gritty prose the Sudbury, Ont.-born real estate operator's inexhaustible greed and subsequent fall from grace. For the first time, we get the details of how Campeau persuaded previously sensible American and Canadian bankers to lend him $12.6 billion to buy out two of the largest and most profitable American retail chains. (Even his down payments were borrowed.) Ironically, it was Campeau's own eccentric behavior that drove his empire into Chapter 11 bankruptcy, jolting the junk-bond market and bringing the booming 1980s to a crashing halt.

It's all there: how Campeau's face-lift affected the course of American banking, why he gets daily sheep-brain injections from Germany, and a chilling description of the time he was at a private sports club and bet he could catch the biggest fish. When his son Bobby claimed first place, Campeau took his own fish and stomped on it until it was longer than his son's.

At the opposite extreme of the business ethic is the ever circumspect Irving family of New Brunswick, as portrayed by *Maclean's* Halifax Bureau Chief John DeMont. Denied an interview with K. C., the clan's patriarch, the author tries valiantly, though with limited success, to reconstruct the genesis and current stretch of the Atlantic provinces' greatest fortune. One problem is that after 150 interviews with Irving's friends and critics, DeMont himself isn't sure whether the family has been good for the province or abused its power through monopolistic excesses. The book takes off when DeMont stops speculating what K. C. might be thinking or dreaming and instead documents the awesome proportions of the Irving empire. "It may be the only Canadian corporate complex with the financial might and unflinching commitment to long-term planning necessary to compete with the likes of the Japanese *keiretsu*," he sums up.

The most disappointing business biography of the year is Michael Marrus's *Mr. Sam: The Life and Times of Samuel Bronfman*. Commissioned by the Bronfman family, the book lists in mind-numbing detail all of Sam's philanthropies, but doesn't even attempt to capture the zest of his personality.

Sam Bronfman, the Prairie bootlegger who became a creative billionaire, never achieved the social legitimacy he cherished, cursing the politicians for not appointing him to the Senate. ("It should have been mine! I bought it! I paid for it! Those treacherous bastards did me in!" was his apoplectic reaction when he was turned down, according to a reliable witness.) But Marrus misses this and other epiphanies. It couldn't have been easy to reduce the sometimes magnificent, frequently mischievous and always dominant personality of Sam Bronfman to little more than a smaller-than-life liquor salesman—yet that's precisely what Michael Marrus's authorized version has achieved. Too bad.

No business profile, but an essential statement of what it means to be Canadian in the 1990s, is Peter Gzowski's evocative introductory essay to his latest edition of *The Morning Side Papers*. "The way to amend the system is not to slash at it indiscriminately until it loses its critical mass. The way to change it is to stand back for a minute and figure out what's really important to us, what we want to keep and what we are willing to let go," Gzowski concludes that all we have to do now is decide what we want to be when we grow up.



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Tragic Magic

A celebrity faces death from AIDS

Even though basketball has a relatively low profile in Canada, last week's announcement by Earvin (Magic) Johnson set off an outpouring of sympathy that transcended the world of sport. The 32-year-old superstar retired from the Los Angeles Lakers of the National Basketball Association after testing positive for the human immunodeficiency virus (HIV), which causes AIDS. The six-foot, nine-inch native of Lansing, Mich., arguably the most popular player in the history of the sport, was named the league's most valuable player three times, a first-team selection to the 1992 U.S. Olympic basketball team, a frequent participant in TV commercials—and a tireless worker for charitable organizations across the United States. Many doctors and AIDS workers welcomed Johnson's decision to reveal his condition, saying that his action will help reinforce their warnings that the deadly disease is a serious threat to heterosexuals. Said David Garmaise, national programs director at the Ottawa-based Canadian AIDS Society: "It's [illegible] had to abandon his career, especially at his peak. But there is a silver lining for society."



JEROME JACKSON

Johnson: a silver lining

There is considerable evidence that all patients with HIV will develop AIDS. Dr. Maura Ricketts, medical consultant to the AIDS program at Health and Welfare Canada, says that about half of people with HIV develop the disease within 10 years of infection. She said that people can live with AIDS for years, but that ultimately they die because of it. Still, Johnson's doctor, Michael Mellman, said that his patient was feeling well and displayed no symptoms of AIDS. Mellman added that he recommended that Johnson retire because the physical stress of professional basketball would weaken his immune system, which was already under attack from the virus.

By making his condition public, Johnson signalled his intention to take a leadership role in the fight to find a cure for AIDS. "I am going to be a spokesman for this HIV virus because I want kids to understand that safe sex is the way to go," he said. The next day, interviewed by TV host Arsenio Hall, he warned heterosexuals not to be as naïve as he had been about AIDS. "I'm far from being a homosexual," he added.

Belinda Rochelle, a program director at the Washington-based AIDS Action Council, said that Johnson's forthright disclosure would help the battle against the disease. "It's the dawn of a new era in AIDS education and awareness," she said, adding: "I think Magic Johnson coming forward is going to inspire action, and not just government action, but personal action."

There had always been something about Johnson that was true to his nickname. There was magic in the blind and behind-the-back passes that he fed to his teammates, and in his uncanny ability to summon greatness when it mattered most. His coach at Michigan State University, Jud Heathcote, once said that when his team needed some points, Johnson could "kind of will the ball into the basket." There was magic, too, in his [illegible] each Laker victory. It became his trademark, and he used it both in endorsements, which paid him about $10 million annually, and in his generous support of charities. Johnson raised an estimated $4 million in 1990 for organizations that included the United Negro College Fund and the Muscular Dystrophy Association.

But last week, the smile that had always seemed so innocent and joyful shone a little less brightly, and despite his brave words, there was sad resignation in Johnson's eyes when he announced his retirement from basketball. "I'm going to go on," he said. "I'm going to beat it and I'm going to have fun." But that will likely take more magic than even Earvin Johnson can conjure up.

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122-6 11/18/91



Prince: a collection of gems that will enhance his reputation even further

FOR THE RECORD

Hymns and hot tunes

Five new releases explore diverse styles

POP POP
Rickie Lee Jones
(Geffen/MCA)

Pop Pop is an odd title for what is essentially a jazz album. A collection of jazz standards such as *Second Time Around*, *I'll Be Seeing You* and *Bye Bye Blackbird*, made popular by the likes of Tony Bennett, Sarah Vaughan and Esther Phillips, the album establishes Rickie Lee Jones as an offbeat, maturing jazz vocalist. Best known for her quirky 1979 pop hit *Chuck E.'s in Love*, Jones has dabbled in jazz before. But now, joined by such respected jazz musicians as bassist Charlie Haden and saxophonist Joe Henderson, she fully embraces it. And her slurring whisper seems well suited to slow, dark, sultry numbers that brim with emotion. Indeed, *Pop Pop* is such a quiet record that Jones's pop fans may find it difficult to sit still long enough to appreciate it. But for those with patience, Rickie Lee Jones's excursion into jazz offers a smoky world of pleasures.

WHENEVER WE WANTED
John Mellencamp
(Mercury/PolyGram)

On his new album, John Mellencamp has dropped the "Cougar," a pop-industry affectation imposed on him 15 years ago by his first manager, and gone back to his original name. With *Whenever We Wanted*, the Indiana-born performer has also returned to roots of a different sort: the hard-hitting rock of his earlier days. His past three albums, especially 1987's *The Lonesome Jubilee*, adopted a gentler sound, with banjos, accordions and fiddles, to convey poignant tales of social injustice in the American heartland. But while the sounds on the new recording bristle with a firebrand's rage, the lyrics do not. *They're So Tough* is a generic rant about the powers-that-be, while *Now More than Ever* decrees unconvincingly that "the world needs love" to save it from doomsday. Without his former middle name, Mellencamp seems to have lost much of his bite.

HYMNS TO THE SILENCE
Van Morrison
(PolyGram)

An Irish mystic with a passion for rhythm and blues, Van Morrison has previously sought inspiration from sources as diverse as singer Ray Charles and poet William Blake. On his latest recording, *Hymns to the Silence*, Morrison has turned to memories of his Belfast childhood for creative energy. In doing so, he has opened the floodgates. A prolific outpouring of 21 tracks,



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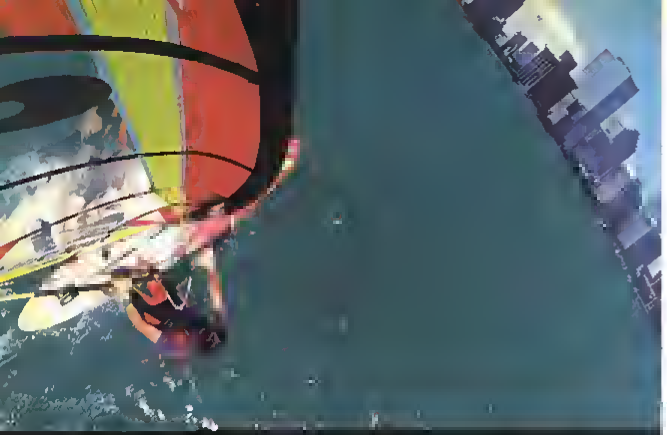
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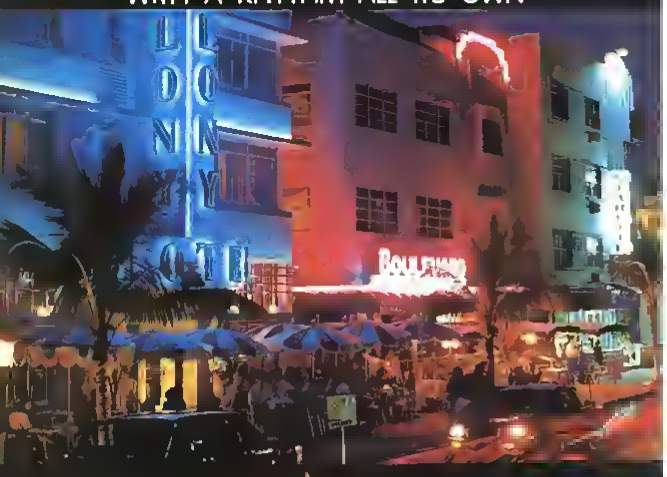
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FOR THE RECORD

covering jazz and Celtic music as well as soul, the double-disc package features songs of both nostalgic yearning and unabashed joy. *On Hyndford Street* is a spoken-verse reminiscence of "the days before rock 'n' roll" when, Morrison recalls, he could "feel the silence." And *All Saints Day* celebrates a blissfully carefree sunny afternoon. But the most stirring number is the deeply soulful *Take Me Back*, in which his longing for a simpler time reaches a feverish pitch. By reaching back into his past, Morrison has once again discovered his muse.

DIAMONDS AND PEARLS
Prince & the New Power Generation
(Paisley Park/Warner)

Prince Rogers Nelson, better known as Prince, is anything but modest. But then, as one of the most inventive musicians around, whose albums consistently push pop boundaries—and occasionally sell a few million copies besides—he hardly needs to be. He knows how good he is. His latest recording, *Diamonds and Pearls*, is another collection of musical gems that will enhance his reputation even further. Opening with the exotic funk of *Thunder*, the album packs a wallop.

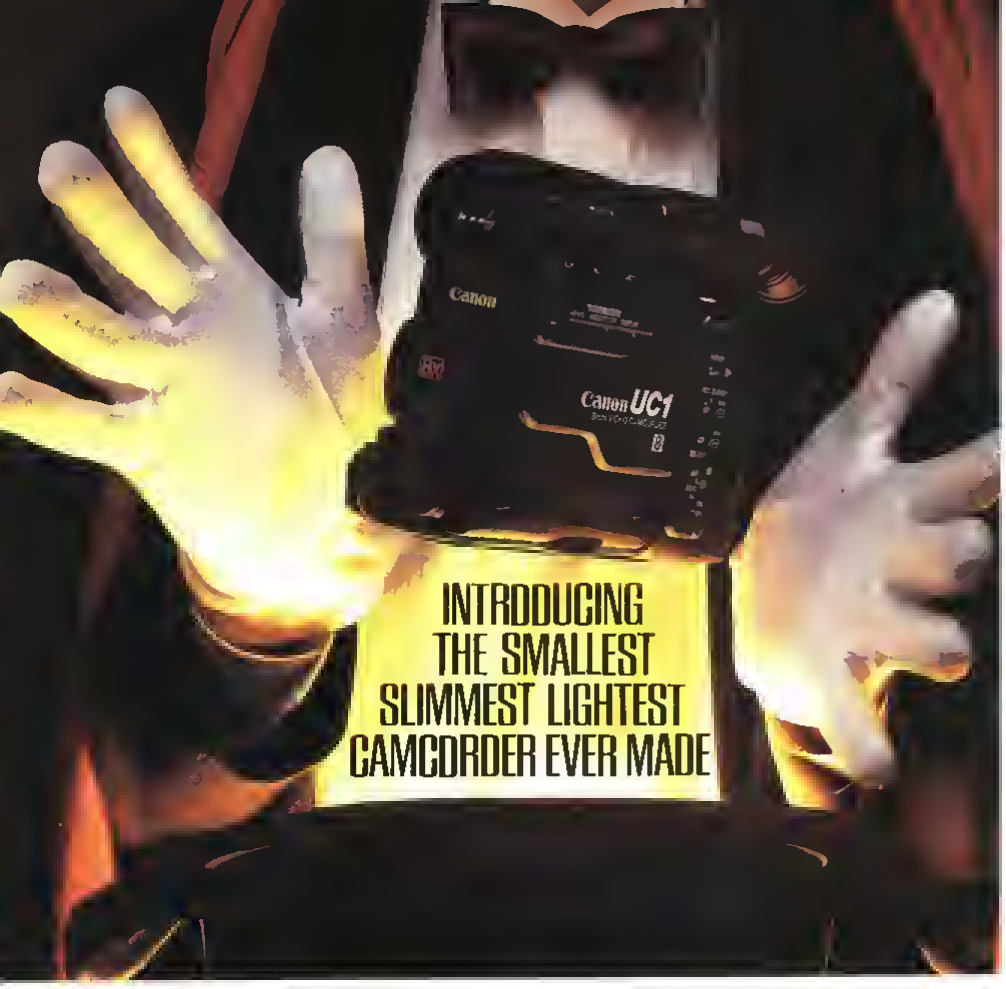
Tracks such as the whimsical *Daddy Pop* and the rugged *Gett Off* are potent testaments to Prince's musical inventiveness and purported sexual prowess—the latter boasts "23 positions in a one-night stand." And there is no shortage of humor. *Strollin'* sounds like sweetly innocent lounge music—until Prince sings about buying dirty magazines in the mall. But most surprising is the focus he places on members of his new band, the New Power Generation, especially gifted singer Rosie Gaines and rapper Tony M. With talent of his own to spare, Prince can now afford to share a bit of the spotlight.

ON EVERY STREET
Dire Straits
(Vertigo/PolyGram)

After his recent ventures into country music, with the Notting Hillbillies and his duet album with Chet Atkins, Irish guitarist-singer Mark Knopfler has brought a distinctly down-home flavor to the latest Dire Straits album. The first studio recording since 1985's multimillion-selling *Brothers in Arms*, *On Every Street* is full of country influences, including somebody-done-somebody-wrong songs and twanging pedal steel guitars. There is also one track, *Heavy Fuel*, that continues the tradition of *Money for Nothing*, Knopfler's sarcastic hit from *Brothers*. Like *Money*, the song assumes the voice of a loathsome character to make its point about sexism and greed. It is easily the best song on the album. The rest are competent numbers that invariably showcase a moody Knopfler guitar solo or two. But often, the country influence seems to have a narcotic effect on the band, making Dire Straits too laid back for its own good.

NICHOLAS JENNINGS





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BOOKS

Carnal knowledge

A tormented husband spies on his wife

CRAZY COCK
By Henry Miller
(General, 224 pages, $26.50)

For Henry Miller, sexual desire was the vital substance that made the world go round. The American novelist celebrated eroticism with an exuberance and openness that caused many of his books to be banned from the United States until 1961. But by the time the author died in 1980, at 88, *Tropic of Cancer* (1934), *Tropic of Capricorn* (1939) and the trilogy *Sexus* (1949), *Plexus* (1953) and *Nexus* (1960) had all become classics, the products of one of the most innovative voices in American fiction. But those famous books had a forerunner, *Crazy Cock*. Miller wrote the novel in 1929, but it was only recently discovered among the collection of his papers at the University of California in Los Angeles. Miller himself considered *Crazy Cock* to be an apprentice work. But, despite some awkward patches, it is a brilliant novel in its own right, seething with the poetic inventiveness and iconoclastic humor that are his trademarks.



Miller: an apprentice novel of brilliance and humor

Like most of Miller's writing, *Crazy Cock* is heavily autobiographical. Its protagonist, Tony Bring, is a writer who lives—as Miller once did—on the seamy underside of New York City's Greenwich Village in the late 1920s. Tony is married to a beautiful, pathologically untruthful waitress, Hildred, who is based on Miller's real-life wife, June Smith. For most of the novel, Tony and Hildred share a bizarre existence, in an apartment that was formerly a bakery, with Hildred's half-crazy lesbian lover, Vanya. Between Vanya's madness, Hildred's lying and the drinking, obsessive sex and drugs that color the lives of all three, *Crazy Cock* turns into a picture of domestic hell that few American writers have equalled.

Indeed, *Crazy Cock*'s vision is so bleakly claustrophobic that Miller's later novels seem like models of healthy common sense in comparison, celebrating their author as a vital sexual animal who has confidently rejected middle-class propriety. But *Crazy Cock* clearly portrays a time of great suffering and uncertainty for Miller: his alter ego Tony Bring endures a misery of obsessive jealousy as he spies on Hildred and Vanya, unable to believe their emphatic claims that their relationship is merely platonic. The stress of the situation gives Tony hemorrhoids—which Miller describes with great humor—and sends him reeling into the boozy embrace of other women. But all to no avail. Tony's pain continues relentlessly, relieved only by bouts of highly erotic lovemaking with Hildred and by the weary aftermath of their fights. Miller catches one of those interludes in a single, memorable sentence—"Husband and wife sat there with knees touching, they faced each other like rival cities exhausted by centuries of strife."

If Miller had not been an artist of genius, *Crazy Cock* would simply have been an exercise in self-pity. But his explosive powers of description turn the novel into a strangely affirmative book, proof that, in the hands of a master, even the dark can be made to shine.

JOHN BEMROSE



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BOOKS

A tycoon's secrets

A book describes an Israeli nuclear arsenal



HESTOFT/SABA

Hersh: promising more on Robert Maxwell

THE SAMSON OPTION: ISRAEL'S NUCLEAR ARSENAL AND AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY
By Seymour M. Hersh
(Random House, 354 pages, $28)

For 23 years, leaders of the United States, Canada and other Western powers have turned a blind eye as Israel built a nuclear arsenal, now consisting of about 300 weapons. That is the conclusion of a startling new book by Seymour Hersh, the Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist who first exposed the 1968 U.S. army massacre of Vietnamese civilians at My Lai. While it is scantily documented and relies heavily on unnamed or uncertain sources, *The Samson Option* takes a hard look at nuclear-arms dealing—while making blockbuster charges that have put the book on front pages from Washington to Warsaw.

Hersh's reputation for meticulous research and accuracy has assured the work serious attention. Not only does *The Samson Option* purport to expose the Israeli nuclear program, but it also sheds new light on the notorious Jonathan Jay Pollard spy case and alleges that Nicholas Davies, a prominent British journalist, was an agent of the Mossad, the secret Israeli intelligence service. Even more sensationally, Hersh claims that billionaire British publisher Robert Maxwell, who died in unusual circumstances last week, was also tied closely to the Mossad—a charge that led Maxwell to issue a libel writ against Hersh and his publishers.

Over the past two decades, it has been widely assumed that Israel is capable of producing nuclear weapons and that it has as many as 10 atomic bombs. *The Samson Option* mounts convincing evidence that by 1968, Israel, aided by France, had constructed a nuclear reactor as well as another facility for the complex process of chemically separating its reactor's most important byproduct, weapons-grade plutonium. The bulk of the book traces the growth of the Israeli nuclear arsenal at a remote site known as Dimona, located in the barren Negev region south of Jerusalem. Hersh writes that Israel also has major stocks of the much more potent hydrogen bomb and of neutron bombs—designed to kill people and spare property. As well, the book says that Israel went on nuclear alert twice during the Yom Kippur war in the fall of 1973, and again during the Persian Gulf War earlier this year. Topping even that allegation, Hersh says that not only are the Arab states targeted by Israeli nuclear weapons, but so are military and civilian sites in the Soviet Union.

Hersh then details the career of former Israeli intelligence officer Ari Ben-Menashe, who was charged in the United States in 1989 with trying to sell military aircraft to Iran. Ben-Menashe maintained that the sale had been secretly approved by the Israelis and the Americans, although both denied it. In November, 1990, he was acquitted, but he went on to make public allegations about Israeli arms dealing.

Using Ben-Menashe, along with many unnamed sources, Hersh concludes that Pollard, an American intelligence analyst working in Washington, was recruited as Israel's first nuclear spy in the fall of 1981. His main assignment was to gather American intelligence that would help Israel to target the oilfields and Soviet military installations in southern Russia. In 1985, Pollard was arrested and charged with espionage, and was eventually sentenced to life in prison. Hersh claims that some of the information—including classified documents—that Pollard gave to Israel was passed on by Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir to the Soviets in an effort to improve Israeli-Soviet relations. That, in turn, compromised sensitive intelligence.

In other allegations that have caused a storm in Britain, Hersh recalls the case of Mordecai Vanunu, an Israeli defector who told the London *Sunday Times* in 1986 that he had worked on the secret Israeli nuclear program. Vanunu provided *The Sunday Times* and Maxwell's *Sunday Mirror* with photographs taken inside the Israeli weapons-making facility. And Hersh implicates both Maxwell and his foreign editor on the *Daily Mirror*, Davies, in the betrayal of Vanunu to the Israelis. Lured to Rome by a pretty Mossad agent, Hersh says, Vanunu was kidnapped, drugged and returned to Israel, where he was sentenced to 18 years in prison.

Soon after the publication of *The Samson Option* in Britain last month, both Davies and Maxwell denied all allegations and sued Hersh and his publishers. A few days later, *Daily Mirror* executives fired Davies, claiming that he had lied to his editors about meeting arms dealers several years earlier in Ohio. Then, on Nov. 5, Maxwell's body was found floating in the sea near his luxury yacht off the Canary Islands. An autopsy revealed that he was dead from heart-lung failure before he hit the water. With Maxwell's death, Hersh announced that he had much more to divulge about the flamboyant publisher. *The Samson Option* and related revelations seem destined to create shock waves for months to come.

WILLIAM LOWTHER

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BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1 **Box Socials,** *Kinsella (4)*
2 **The Gates of Ivory,** *Drabble (2)*
3 **Murther & Walking Spirits,** *Davies (1)*
4 **Scarlett,** *Ripley (5)*
5 **Needful Things,** *King (6)*
6 **Wilderness Tips,** *Atwood (3)*
7 **Comeback,** *Francis (7)*
8 **Lila,** *Pirsig (10)*
9 **Time's Arrow,** *Amis (9)*
10 **Night over Water,** *Follett*

NONFICTION

1 **Final Exit,** *Humphry (2)*
2 **Mulroney,** *Sawatsky (4)*
3 **Me: Stories of My Life,** *Hepburn (5)*
4 **The Betrayal of Canada,** *Hurtig (3)*
5 **Merchant Princes,** *Newman (1)*
6 **The Max Ward Story,** *Ward*
7 **A Capital Scandal,** *Fife and Warren*
8 **The Quick and the Dead,** *McQuaig (7)*
9 **People of the Pines,** *York and Pindera (6)*
10 **Under Fire,** *North (10)*

() Position last week

Compiled by Brian Bethune

ICE DANCING WITH THE BEST

"We're aiming to get a pair of dancers into the top 10 at the Albertville Olympic Games," says Barbara Graham, technical director of the Canadian Figure Skating Association.

The Olympics in February will showcase the current world ice dancing champions, Isabelle and Paul Ouchesnay, who will be skating for France, although they also have Canadian citizenship. The spectacular, innovative couple will have a lot at stake in Albertville: the brother and sister pair have announced their intention to go professional after the competition there, and a gold medal will enable them to sign even more lucrative contracts. The competition, however, will be fierce. They will be pitting their skills against the well-known Soviet twosome, Marina Klimova and Sergei Ponomaranko, who are the most highly acclaimed Soviet pair in ice dancing. These brilliant performers had always outdone the Duchesnay duo until the world championships last March. And the Italian team made up of Stefania Calegan and Pasquale Camerlango, now at the zenith of their art, will also be in Albertville.

When the Canadian championships in Moncton are over in January, one or two Canadian ice dancing couples will be selected out of the contenders now emerging. The main contenders include Canada's most seasoned pairs, the McDonald-Smith, Petr-Janoschak and Mann-Noria teams.



McDonald and Smith

Michelle McDonald and Martin Smith took the Canadian title in 1991 and came in 16th at the world championships in Munich, despite being together only since August, 1990. Michelle, who hails from B.C., will be 27 on February 2 and has been skating on the national team since 1983. Martin is a twenty-three-year-old law student at York University in his home province of Ontario.

Their main adversaries will be Jacqueline Petr, 21, from Manitoba, and Mark Janoscbak, 23, of Ontario. Jacqui and Mark have been skating together since 1986, at which time they also became members of the national team. In the Canadian championships, they placed sixth in 1989 — their first year in the senior league — and third in 1990. This year, they earned a silver medal in the Canadian championships and achieved 10th place in the world championships.

Penny Mann, a twenty-seven-year-old Newfoundlander, and Juan Carlos Noria, 24, born in Venezuela and living in Ottawa, make up the third highly rated dancing couple, although they have only been partners since the summer of 1990. Juan is a graduate of the Ottawa School of Art and had previously gained experience in ice dancing with Julie Marcotte and Kelly Lynne Bradshaw. The Mann-Noria pair came in third at the last Canadian championships.

While those are the three most likely Canadian couples, a number of younger dancers are eager to make their debut. Quebec is no doubt the most promising source of new blood. Under the watchful eye of their trainer, Toller Cranston, undoubtedly the greatest (definitely the most innovative) free skater in Canadian history, Isabelle Labossière, 20, of Iberville, and Mitchell Gould, 24, of Toronto, came in sixth at the last Canadian championships. Brossard's Marie-France Dubreuil, 17, and Bruno Yvars, 19, from Boucherville, have just made their entry into the senior league after winning the Canadian junior title in 1991.



Pair and Janoschak

Gerry Phelan, technical director of the Fédération québécoise de patinage artistique, says that the National Figure Skating Centre, with rinks at Boucherville and Brossard and which stays open 11 months of the year, has enabled Quebec's ice dancers to make significant improvements. She would not be surprised if a number of Quebec junior skaters qualify for the 1994 Olympics in Lillehammer, Norway.

The ice dancing event involves three elements: compulsory, original and free dancing. Two compulsory dances are chosen out of four. The 1991-92 season features the Viennese waltz, the Paso Doble, the Tango Romantica and the Blues. Each dance counts for 10 per cent of the final score. The two skaters select their original dance in advance and must blend their own music and choreography into it so that they harmonize with the imposed tempo. The Polka has been selected as the 1991-92 original dance and counts for 30 per cent of the final score. The free dancing can have any tempo, but must be four minutes in length. It counts for 50 per cent of the overall score.

PHOTOS: AIB - E. LANGSLEY

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ROYAL BANK

COLUMN



Could Wilt really count that high?

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM



The pendulum swings hither, as we know, and then the pendulum swings yon. Every action creates a reaction, a lesson taught in high-school physics class. What they don't teach us is that nothing in the world is surprising. One should expect anything, at any given time, and then one sleeps well, the sleep of the non-shocked.

We have gone through the era of the feminist movement, which one sardonic female friend observed has produced basically only one thing: Dutch treat. To prove their new equality, starlets and celebs speckle the bookstalls with the kiss-and-tell boastings of their conquests, even the elegant Katharine Hepburn telling us possibly more than we wanted to know about her decades of dalliance with Spencer Tracy behind the back of an innocent wife who thought Kate was "just a rumor."

We now know, to our eternal disappointment, that the ice queen, Grace Kelly herself, bedded most of the leading men in Hollywood before primly turning herself into a Monaco princess. The ultimate product of this female lust for candor of course is Madonna, who has gone through everyone from Warren Beatty on down and, as we type, is apparently considering taking on Mark Messier, the new glamor boy of the New York Rangers, the Edmonton tundra left behind.

This means, as the ineffable Jamie Wayne points out, that she has now gone more than halfway through the alphabet and eventually will work (so to speak) her way to his lowly state down with the Yankoviches and Zukowskis.

The pendulum? Robert Bly and his hugging/booding philosophy of the new maledom is to blame. Men must unburden themselves of their inner selves. The result is such a twit as Geraldo Rivera, the king of trash TV, who shyly claims in his memoirs that he has bedded everyone from Margaret Trudeau to Bette Midler to Chris Evert to the aging wife of an aging New York senator and on to who cares?

Who Cares would seem to be the new name of Wilt Chamberlain, the seven-foot basketball legend who has added to the literary quotient of history by dumping a tome in the bookstores that reveals his own claim to have bonked 20,000 females in his career. "Yes, that's correct," he helpfully explains, "20,000 different ladies. At my age that equals out to having sex with 1 2 women a day, every day since I was 15."

Since the shy Wilt (known, we now understand why, as The Stilt in his playing days) is now 55, even the arithmetic apparently doesn't even work out, but I don't honestly have the energy to check it out, just thinking about the claim tends to exhaust me. I think I'll lie down.

I mean, how did he keep count? When The Stilt was 15, the calculator hadn't been invented. It's a wonder he didn't develop tennis elbow, let alone ailments to other extremities, just in keeping the bookwork up-to-date.

To tell the truth, what puzzles me is the 2 women per diem. Were they dwarfs? Or perhaps twins? The thought of Wilt, having to race to a game, leaving 8 of a frustrated, unfulfilled woman in the sack is a depressing image. Has the man no chivalry? Surely he could have got to the stadium late in the first quarter with his honor intact.

Eons ago, when this glandular freak first surfaced at the University of Kansas, your dutiful agent trucked down from Vancouver to Seattle to view his genius on the court where he was visiting. I appalled my basketball friends by pointing out that he had never developed a hook shot, an obvious defect. It is now clear why; he didn't have time. He had another weapon.

A shrewd female friend, confronted with the 20,000 claim that has voyeurs breaking down bookstore windows, has a perceptive and interesting observation. Since The Stilt has made the very revealing confession that these were all different damsels, she points out that he obviously wasn't very good between the sheets. If so, she reasons, there would have been requests for repeat performances. Wilt may have been quick, but he had no staying power.

This theory fits in very well with the assessment of the basketball cognoscenti. Wilt once scored 100 points in a game, but he never was strong on wearing championship rings. His rival Bill Russell of the Boston Celtics was awkward and clumsy, but all he did was win, leading his team to 11 world championships, a record challenged only by the Montreal Canadiens in the esoterica of sport.

Russell kept his eye on the ball, Wilt kept his libido on the bounce—or vice versa. A chap who never had to change from short pants on the way from the stadium to the hotel room obviously had his mind on other things than team strategy. To dribble is a basketball term, to Wilt it meant elsewhere.

The problem here is that the war of the sexes, now conducted in the best-seller lists, must end somewhere. Mickey Rooney's marriages matching up against Elizabeth Taylor's weddings is not adding to the sum total knowledge of human intelligence. At some stage, we've got to call the battle off.

It is encouraging, as we know, to the liberated female mind for a sister to confess proudly that she has deflowered most of the tycoons and pretty faces of the male Establishment. In retaliation, now, we have the Geraldos and Stilts of the gender that is in retreat giving us their stale retreads of the conquests their imaginations think are truthful. Boring, boring.

Actually, I think we should declare a truce. If Madonna and Geraldo can keep their yaps shut, perhaps we can persuade Wilt to keep his, uh, pen in his pants.

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